

Nihil Obstat :

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,  
Censor Dep.

Imprimi Potest :

✠ EDUARDUS J. BYRNE,  
Archiep. Dublinen.

# PASSIONIST



# ALMANAC

JANUARY

1938

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Sat.	✠CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. H.O.	{ Bro. Athanasius (Kelly), C.P.—1893. Rev. Fr. John Baptist (Byrne), C.P.—1908.
2 SUN.	✠THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.	
3 Mon.	Octave of St. John the Apostle	
4 Tues.	Octave of the Holy Innocents	{ Rev. Fr. Charles (Houban), C.P.—1893. Rev. Fr. Gabriel (O'Hanlon), C.P.—1893.
5 Wed.	Vigil of the Epiphany	Bro. Benedict (Sullivan), C.P.—1937.
6 Thurs.	✠EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD. H.O.	Rev. Fr. Antoninus (Hull), C.P.—1934.
7 Fri.	2nd day in Octave of Epiphany	
8 Sat.	3rd day in Octave of Epiphany	
9 SUN.	✠THE HOLY FAMILY	
10 Mon.	5th day in Octave of Epiphany	Rev. Fr. Bernard (Mangan), C.P.—1933.
11 Tues.	6th day in Octave of Epiphany	Bro. Hilarion (Griffin), C.P.—1914.
12 Wed.	7th day in Octave of Epiphany	Rev. Fr. Patrick (Fagan), C.P.—1913.
13 Thurs.	Octave of the Epiphany	
14 Fri.	St. Hilary, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Benignus (Walsh), C.P.—1880.
15 Sat.	St. Paul, the First Hermit, C.	{ Rev. Fr. Raphael (Gorga), C.P.—1881. Rev. Fr. Seraphim (Byrne), C.P.—1883. Bro. Stephen (Hayes), C.P.—1906. Rev. Fr. Romuald (Marlowe), C.P.—1919.
16 SUN.	✠2nd SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.	Rev. Fr. Ambrose (Mooney), C.P.—1868.
17 Mon.	St. Antony, Abbot	
18 Tues.	Chair of St. Peter at Rome	
19 Wed.	SS. Marius and Companions, MM.	
20 Thurs.	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.	Rev. Fr. Oswald (Rothwell), C.P.—1889.
21 Fri.	St. Agnes, V.M.	
22 Sat.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.	
23 SUN.	✠3rd SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	Rev. Fr. Xavier (Heslin), C.P.—1885.
24 Mon.	St. Timothy, B.M.	
25 Tues.	CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL	Bro. John Mary (Walsh), C.P.—1909.
26 Wed.	St. Polycarp, B.M.	{ Bro. Gabriel (Parr), C.P.—1882. Rev. Fr. Robert (Kelly), C.P.—1933.
27 Thurs.	St. John Chrysostom, B.C.D.	
28 Fri.	The Flight into Egypt	Bro. Francis (Murphy), C.P.—1890.
29 Sat.	St. Francis of Sales, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Hubert (Reynolds), C.P.—1890.
30 SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	
31 Mon.	St. John Bosco, C.	Rev. Fr. Dominic (O'Neill), C.P.—1917.

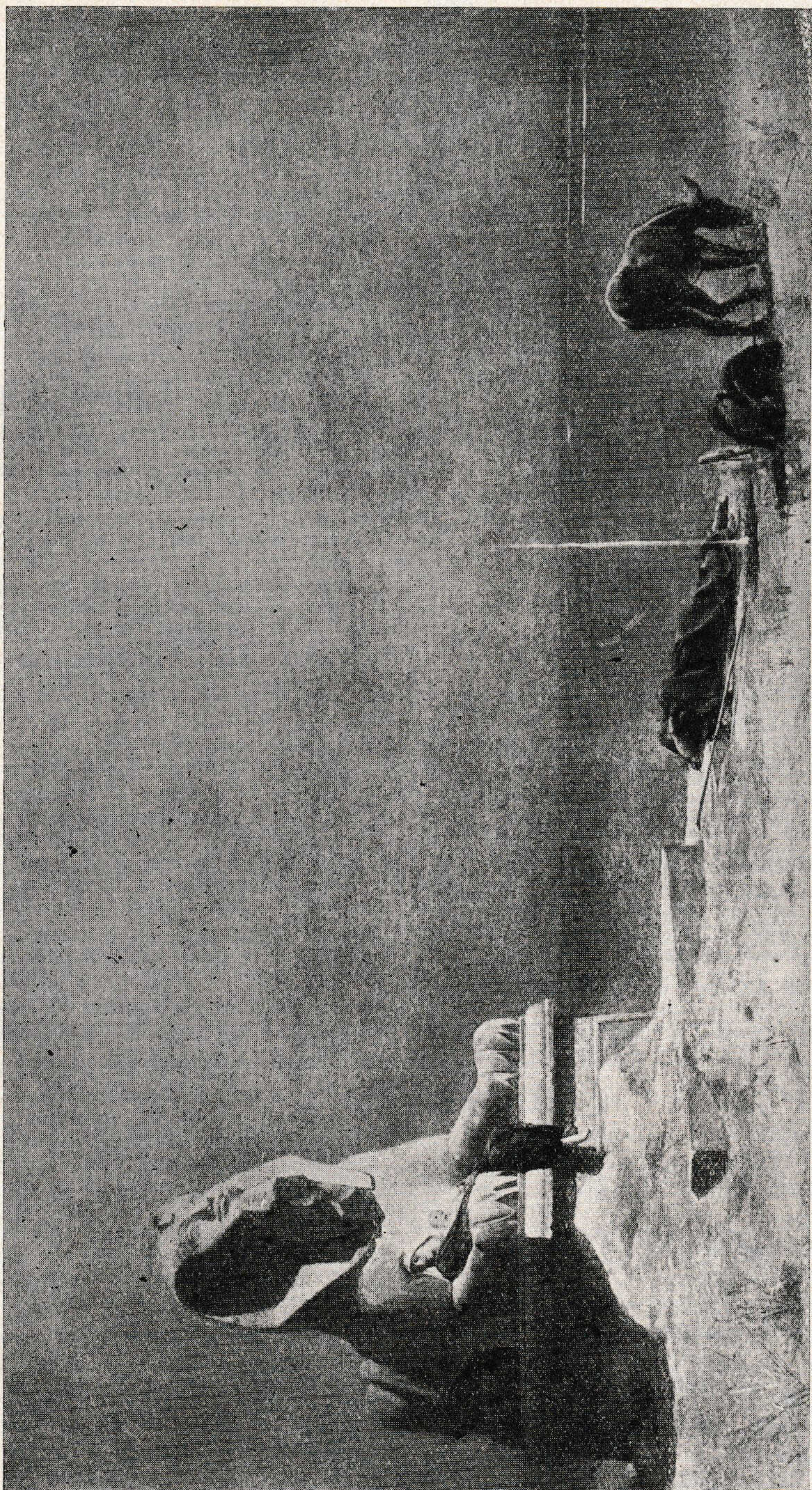
Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor.  
M.—Martyr. P.—Pope. V.—Virgin.

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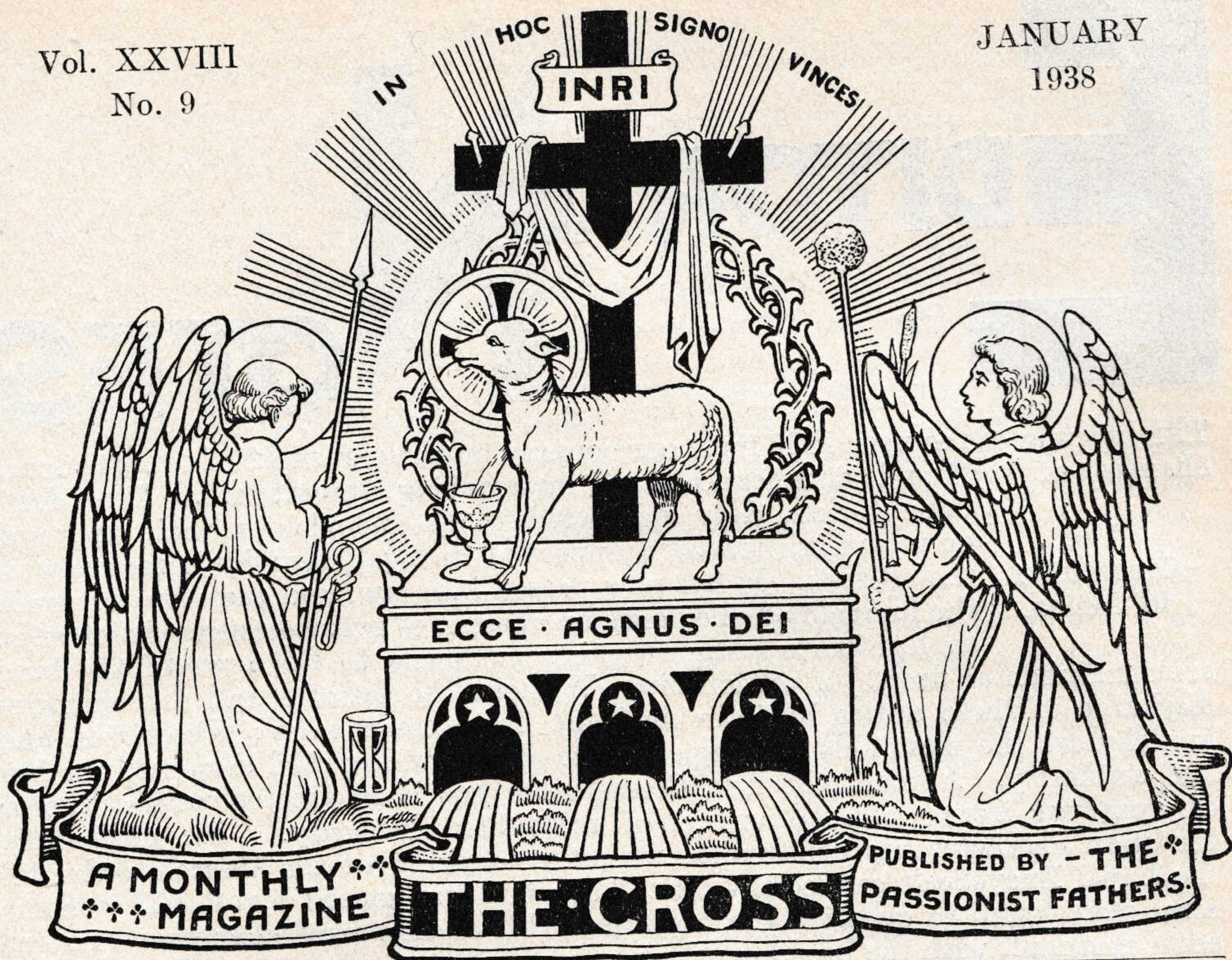


## The Repose in Egypt

*From the picture by the French artist L. O. Merson*

(Feast of the Flight into Egypt : January 28th)





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*J. Edmund, G.P.*



# EDITORIAL NOTES

THE opening of the year 1938 finds our country on the threshold of constitutional changes of profound significance and far-reaching importance. The draft

**The  
Constitution  
in Action.**

Constitution, duly submitted to the people for their approval or rejection, has been approved in legal form by a majority of the citizens. It has now passed into law, and therefore demands the unqualified allegiance and assent of every citizen. Submission to legitimate authority and obedience to the laws of the land are fundamental duties of citizenship. Without the faithful and conscientious discharge of these duties by individuals no State could exist; dissolution and anarchy are the inevitable and logical issue of any widespread disregard for law and authority. Abroad, the new Constitution has been greeted with a chorus of approval from unbiased critics of undoubted integrity. Its profoundly Christian character, its consonance with the teaching of the Church and with the Papal Encyclicals on Social Justice have been recognised by all. If at home some were found to question the wisdom of this or that particular point, no one could find fault with the broad outline and general trend of the draft Constitution. Only where political prejudice was allowed to over-rule good judgment was a discordant note heard. There is not, it must be confessed, great enthusiasm or tremendous public interest in the enactment of the Constitution. The former attitude can be explained, for people are seldom enthusiastic over the enactment of any law. They reserve their enthusiasm for football-matches, horse-racing or the greyhound track. But a lack of public interest is deplorable and indefensible. It argues a lack of the elementary notion of the duties of a citizen. For the individual citizen has his part to play in the government of his country. That part is defined in Article 6, paragraph 1: "All powers of government, legislative, executive and judicial, derive under God from the people, whose right it is to designate the rulers of the State, and in final appeal to decide all questions of national policy according to the requirements of the common good."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE outstanding Catholic event of 1938 will undoubtedly be the Thirty-fourth International Eucharistic Congress at Budapest next May. For Hungary the

**Congress  
in  
Budapest.**

ceremonies will also have a special significance, for the celebration will likewise commemorate the ninth centenary of the death of St. Stephen, King of Hungary, to whom that country owes its Catholic Faith, its Christian culture, even its very existence.

We do not usually reckon Hungary amongst the great Catholic nations; and indeed, some twenty years ago, Freemasonry and Liberalism were dominant in the country. But since the War there have been many changes, and to-day the Christian culture is in the ascendant. According to a note in the *Catholic Fireside*, Hungary possesses 130 Catholic papers, including thirteen dailies, 33 weekly and 49 monthly periodicals. The combined circulation is estimated annually at eighty-five million copies. Preparations for the Congress are already well advanced. There will be a General Communion for the Hungarian Territorial Army, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in boats



along the Danube, in which the Cardinal Legate will take part. The National Union of Hungarian Millers have made a magnificent gesture in offering to supply free of charge the flour needed for the preparation of communion wafers throughout the year. In the letter of invitation issued to prelates throughout the world, the Prince Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Seredi, declares his belief that the Congress will in no way fall short of those that have been held elsewhere, and that it will offer firm proof of the faith and piety of the Hungarian people.

THE referendum held last month in Switzerland regarding the proposed ban on Freemasonry produced a negative result. The original demand, calling for the suppression by law of existing secret societies, was signed by some 52,000 citizens. The result of the popular referendum showed 514,539 votes against the suppression, as against 233,481 in favour. To clear up any misapprehensions which may exist, and to forestall any attempt to use this result as an argument in favour of Freemasonry, it is well that Catholics should be fully informed as to the position. According to the Basle correspondent of the *Universe*, the campaign was sponsored by anti-democratic, political groups, and the motives, therefore, were political rather than religious. The Swiss Hierarchy, in a joint pastoral, abstained from any interference in the campaign; and the Swiss Catholic Party decided that the vote should be left to the discretion of the individual. Considering the dilemma in which they were placed, many Catholic citizens abstained from voting; and only in the Catholic Canton of Fribourg was a majority registered in favour of suppression. On the other hand, it is noteworthy that a large percentage of votes cast in the mainly Protestant Cantons of Berne, Vaud and Zurich also favoured suppression. This may be taken as an index of the popular feeling against secret societies in general, and in particular against the alleged favouritism practised by Masons. Swiss Catholics, be it remembered, have a national dislike for exceptional laws; and their leaders have placed it on record that, as Catholics they feel themselves under no obligation to seek the suppression of secret societies from purely political motives.

THE Sino-Japanese War continues to run its course, and he would be a bold man who would venture to predict the ultimate outcome of hostilities. Chinese resistance to the invader has been stubborn and tenacious, but the fall of Shanghai and the capture of Nanking may be the forerunners of complete collapse. Against this, other observers declare that Japan is only on the threshold of a protracted campaign which will throw the severest strain upon her financial resources. Two facts, however, stand out crystal-clear amidst the obscurity of the present situation. Whether China or Japan prevail, there can be little doubt that the Western nations must be the losers. England and America have vast financial commitments in China; their prestige and power have been definitely diminished in Eastern eyes as a result of a succession of "incidents" of increasing gravity. The year just closed may well mark a turning-point in world history. The second fact, lamentably clear, is that the Catholic missions have suffered a great set-back, inseparable from the havoc necessitated by modern warfare. In the Chapei area, rich in Catholic institutions, schools, orphanages and hospitals have been reduced to ashes. The Vicar Apostolic has no funds available to maintain his seminaries, where the future priests of Shanghai are being trained. In the course of incessant air-raids many Catholic hospitals and convents have been damaged or destroyed. Refugees from the war-torn area of the coast and the great River have already made their way far into the interior, throwing a further strain upon missions as yet untouched by war. The missionaries, Priests and Sisters, by their courage and charity, are winning the admiration and confidence of Christian and pagan alike.



# Ireland and ~ Australasia

.....O.....  
*ALOYSIUS KANE*

.....  
*This month is celebrated the centenary of the foundation of the Church in New Zealand. In the building-up of the Church during the past century, a notable part has been played by the sons and daughters of Ireland :: ::*  
.....

**F**ROM February 27th until March 9th, 1938, New Zealand will be *en fete*, for during that period there will be taking place, in the city of Auckland the celebrations which will mark the centenary of the founding of the Catholic Church in New Zealand.

Already a joint pastoral has been read in all the churches throughout the Dominion inviting the clergy and their flocks to enter into, and give their entire support to the celebrations which will mark the memorable occasion. To the celebrations Ireland will, it is expected, send a number of her distinguished prelates.

Although these celebrations will be taking place in a land on the far side of the globe, yet they should hold a particular interest for the Irish people, because it was through the efforts of an Irish exile that the Catholic Church was first introduced into New Zealand.

Thomas Poynton, the first Catholic settler to land in New Zealand, was an Irishman. In 1822, he emigrated from Ireland, and went to live at Sydney, where he remained for six years building up a successful business as a timber merchant.

It was while he was in Sydney that he met his future wife. Her name was Kennedy, and she had been born in Sydney in 1811. Both her parents were from the County Wexford. She and Poynton were married about 1827, and the following year they left Sydney and came to live at Hokianga, New Zealand, where Thomas Poynton took over control of a store and sawing station. Both *Poynton and his young wife were fervent Catholics, and the fact that there was no Catholic priest on the island was a source of much regret to them.*

In due course their first child—a daughter—was born, and soon after the brave young woman travelled one thousand miles back to Sydney to have the infant baptised by a Catholic priest. Incidentally, the priest who performed this ceremony was a Cork man, Father Therry. Two years later a second child was born to the Poyntons—a son—and once again the mother brought it on the long journey to Sydney for its baptism.

In the course of years, other Catholic settlers came to reside in New Zealand and eventually Thomas Poynton, hoping to obtain a priest to come and minister to their spiritual needs, travelled to Sydney in 1835, and endeavoured to persuade Dr. Polding, the Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, to send a priest to New Zealand.

The Archbishop, however, found it impossible to spare any of the priests in Australia to undertake a mission to New Zealand, but he sent a message to the Catholic pioneers there, which he gave Poynton to show to them, and at the same time promised that at the first opportunity a priest would be sent to administer to them.

“I have the greatest pleasure,” wrote the Archbishop in his message, “in sending some books of instruction and devotion to the Faithful in New Zealand. I exhort them most earnestly in the Lord to continue in the Faith—not to be led astray by the cunning devices of men, but in all things to remain steadfast. Join in spirit in the prayers of your brethren, who enjoy the consolations of religion, of which, at present, you are deprived, and let not your feet go astray from the path of Truth in which you have been accustomed to walk. One God;



one Faith ; one baptism ; preserve the unity of Faith in the bond of peace, and may the peace of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, guard and protect you and keep you in His holy fear and love."

Twelve months later Thomas Poynton again visited Sydney, and consulted with Dr. Polding on the subject of sending missionaries to New Zealand. It was however, still found impossible to provide the Island with clergy, and Poynton was obliged to return home with his ambition unfulfilled.

He, however, did not give up hope. His repeated entreaties for missionaries for his adopted land became known at Rome, and after his third visit to Sydney he returned with the joyous news that already a party of members of the Society of the Marist Fathers was on its way to the colony.

On the 10th of January, 1838, Monsignor Jean Baptiste Francois Pompallier, who, in 1835 had been created Vicar-Apostolic of Western Oceania, accompanied by three members of the Marist Order, arrived at the mouth of the Hokianga River. Proceeding along the river, right into the heart of the country, they arrived at the Poyntons' household three days later. On January 13th, 1838, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up, in that Irish settler's home, for the first time in New Zealand's history.

The coming of the Fathers brought great joy and consolation to the hearts of the rapidly-increasing number of Irish Catholics on the island. In 1840 they numbered 500, and during the next ten years their numbers rose to 3,500. In 1910, the Catholic population of New Zealand was estimated at over 130,000.

Monsignor Pompallier and his companions brought with them a letter of introduction to the Catholic colonists of New Zealand. It is an interesting document, and is preserved in Saint Patrick's College, Sydney. It is quoted by Cardinal Moran in his *History of the Church in Australia*. It reads as follows :

" SAINT MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY,  
December 21st, 1837.

" To the Roman Catholics of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands.

" Brethren, Bishop Pompallier has been appointed by our Holy Father to visit New Zealand and the islands of the Southern Ocean, to preach the gospel of Our Lord, Jesus Christ—to preach the same gospel that Saints Peter and Paul preached eighteen hundred years ago ; the same gospel that Saint Patrick preached in Ireland about fourteen hundred years since.

" Dr. Pompallier is a saintly man ; he seeks the glory of God and the salvation of his fellow-men. He has left all for this great object ; he goes to instruct the ignorant, to teach them the arts of civilised life ; he wants nothing in return but that they turn to adore the True God. I, an Irish Catholic priest residing in Sydney for near six years, recommend his Lordship most earnestly to every Catholic, especially to every Irish Catholic that he may meet on his Apostolic Mission, and I pray God to bless all those who may assist him in his great undertaking. May the peace and blessing of God be with all who receive this faithful servant of Christ. Amen.

JOHN ENCROE."

The Poyntons gave over their home to the missionaries, and built another for themselves. Soon, however, their joy at being able to welcome the Fathers to New Zealand was darkened by a grievous sorrow. Their only son, a child of eight years, died. Over the grave of this little Irish lad was placed the first Catholic cross ever erected in New Zealand.

The work of the Fathers in converting the native Maoris at first met with much opposition from the agents of the different sects already working there. Several times they almost succeeded in inciting the natives to destroy Monsignor Pompallier and his companions. On one occasion, they succeeded in beguiling the minds of the simple natives to such an extent, by their lies concerning the Catholic missionaries, that a huge number of them came and, gathering round the Poynton household, demanded that Monsignor Pompallier and his companions should be delivered up to them, threatening that if this were not done they would massacre Poynton, his family and the missionaries.



Thomas Poynton, coming out of the house, addressed the natives, and by his eloquence and sincerity persuaded them to desist from their intention, after which they departed in peace. Within a short time the missionaries completely won the confidence of the Maoris by their kindness, and thereafter the missionary work proceeded rapidly.

Within five years the Fathers had founded ten missions within the diocese of Auckland. These were:—Hokianga, Kaipara, Bay of Islands, Wangaroa, Tauranga, Waikato, Opotiki, Auckland, Rotorua and Whakatane.

Among the many who answered the call to labour in this new vineyard, we find the names of Irish priests and nuns predominant.

In 1849 Monsignor Pompallier visited Ireland seeking assistants for his work in the Dominion. One of the first to volunteer for the new mission was Mother Cecilia Maher, Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Carlow, and with seven other Sisters from the Convent of St. Leo, Carlow, set sail for New Zealand on the 8th of August, 1849. On the same boat there were two young Irish priests, Fathers Cleary and O'Rourke, also bound for the same mission.

These, the first Irish nuns to labour in New Zealand, arrived at their destination on April 9th, 1850, and became the founders of Saint Mary's Convent of Mercy, Auckland.

Dr. Croke, the famous Munster prelate, also spent a number of years on the New Zealand Mission. In 1870 he was elected to the vacant bishopric of Auckland, and left Ireland in the September of that year to take up duty there. For four years he laboured in that distant land, during which time he accomplished monumental work. He resigned the See in 1874, and returning to Ireland, was shortly after appointed Archbishop of Cashel.

The Very Rev. James McDonald, Vicar-General of the Auckland diocese under four successive bishops, was born in the County Kilkenny. He came to New Zealand in 1850, and until his death, forty years later, in 1890, spent his life in labouring among the Maoris.

From the County Waterford came the Very Rev. Dr. Coleman, who for many years was Vicar-General of the diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand. Born about 1835, he studied at Maynooth, and was ordained at Cloyne. For a number of years after his ordination he carried out his sacred duties as priest at Cork. In 1870 he volunteered for the New Zealand mission, and, being accepted, spent the remaining twenty years of his life there. He died at Dunedin on the 15th of January, 1890.

In an obituary notice in the *New Zealand Tablet*, it was written of him that "There is no member of the Catholic community whom he has not left his debtor in a very considerable degree. He was from the first his Bishop's stay and faithful counsellor in many hours of trial and difficulty, and it was largely due to his efforts that Catholicism became so firmly established, and made such progress in Dunedin during the earlier years of His Lordship's episcopate."

To enumerate the names of all the Irishmen and Irishwomen who gave the best part of their lives, parted from their friends, home and country, to bring New Zealand into the True Fold, would be impossible in the short time at our disposal. Nor do their labours require to be reviewed. The Catholic Church in New Zealand to-day stands a living memorial, testifying to the success which attended to and blessed the missionary work of those noble sons and daughters of Ireland.

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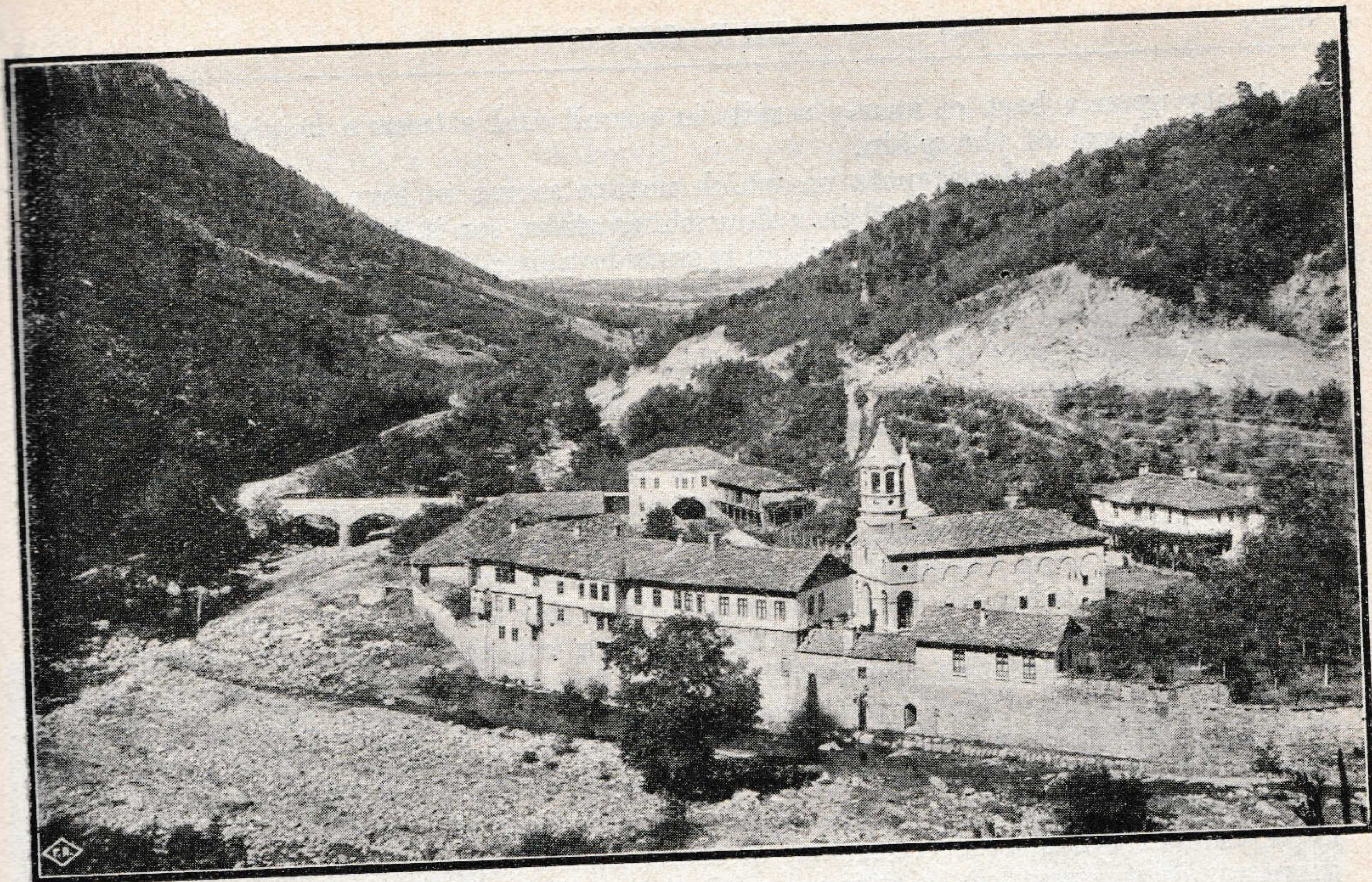
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## A Visit to Orthodox Monks

.....©.....  
REV. EUGENE BOSSILKOFF, C.P.

.....  
*A Bulgarian Passionist recounts some experiences during a visit to a monastery of Greek Orthodox monks. He discovers grounds for hope that those who are unhappily divided by schism may yet return to the unity of the Faith :: ::*  
.....

EVER since I became better acquainted with Orthodox doctrine and church, I felt particularly attracted by the idea of visiting some Orthodox monastery. One of my friends gave me every prospect of fulfilling my aspiration by taking me with him in his car on an eight-day trip through the Balkans.

Bulgaria has some wonderful scenery to delight the eye of the traveller; but unhappily one gets a bad impression when travelling through Bulgaria in a car, because of the bad condition of the roads, which are far from being motor highways. Until a few years ago, there were hardly any roads in Bulgaria, and those that have been made since, are not being kept in perfect repair.

Most of the monasteries in Bulgaria have their origin in the thirteenth century. Chronicles tell us that in the year 1230 King Assen II, after having conquered the ancient Bulgarian possessions, had seated himself firmly on the throne and adopted vigorous measures to tame the turbulent spirit which had grown up under centuries of suffering. He founded all over the country, as centres of culture and civilisation, monasteries, which brought up prominent men, zealously engaged in restoring the glory of the land. Different monasteries built by King Assen II are still existing. That which I visited in Tirnovo, the former Bulgarian capital, is called "*Preobrajenski Monastir*" i.e., "*Monastery of the Transfiguration*." It is situated on a mountain which rises with a sloping



acclivity upon a base of nearly a mile in circuit and attains a height of 500 feet above the level of the plain.

This is one of those spots on which nature seems to love to lavish her best gifts. The monastery is still in a flourishing state, for it harbours a community of thirty-two monks, a number which is considerable; three monasteries excepted, all the others have no more than three or five monks. Respect for the priesthood is very low in the Orthodox countries, and this is partly the fault of the priests themselves, who pay little regard to their dignity, either in regard to piety or science and general culture. The monastic life is estimated as fit only for lazy people and great sinners. Accordingly, recruiting of vocations is very discouraging. The rule of the monks, as I was told, is a mixture of the rule of Saint Basil and Saint Benedict. The horary of the day is certainly not one made to take life easy. Early in the morning, at half-past two, the monks are called up to sing the very, very long Office of the Oriental Church, followed by a singing Mass. This altogether takes about five hours. After this the time is spent according to individual fancy until nine o'clock. Then all the monks are assembled, not to take breakfast, as one would suppose, but dinner, which is served in the refectory. During dinner-time speaking is strictly forbidden. As in most of the Latin Orders, some edifying reading is done during meals. The "*Igumen*," this is the title of the Superior of the Monastery, drew my attention to the book the monks were reading, *Lives of the Saints Venerated during the month of September*, in which were the names of many Saints of the Latin Church. When dinner is over, everyone is engaged with the work he is appointed to do by the Superior until five o'clock, when night prayers begin. A little collation is served at seven o'clock, and at eight everyone has to retire to his cell for the night's rest or "the great silence" as they call it.

No attention is paid to scientific education, with the result that most of the monks have a very deficient mental culture, and are unversed even in the doctrine of their own religion. Mental prayer is quite lost to view, and the rich and comforting doctrine of our Church about supernatural life is utterly neglected or simply unknown. While the whole monastery was shown to me, I couldn't find even the trace of a library. Accordingly, it is not surprising that arts and sciences are not cultivated as in the glorious past.

Although the monastery was kept clean, I was struck by the dirty dress of the monks, and in this I think they surely follow the example of their Superior, who, I guess, had only an elementary sense of cleanliness, otherwise, he would never have presented himself to us in such a lamentable state.

In spite of that, the monks are singularly polite and urbane, and very hospitable also. With something like patriarchal simplicity, they invite the visitor to partake of their repast, which is always frugal, and in which meat is never seen, because forbidden by the rule. The Oriental Churches, and especially the Orthodox Church, keep a long and rigorous fast, of which the monks are tenacious observers. As to subsistence, the monks depend on their own labour and the scanty produce of a morsel of land.

This existence, divided between hard work and long vocal prayer, in which men, although sincere, but hopelessly narrow and self-absorbed, were living their life long, touched me deeply. I left the monastery with a melancholy feeling. The evil done by the schism smote me more strongly than ever.

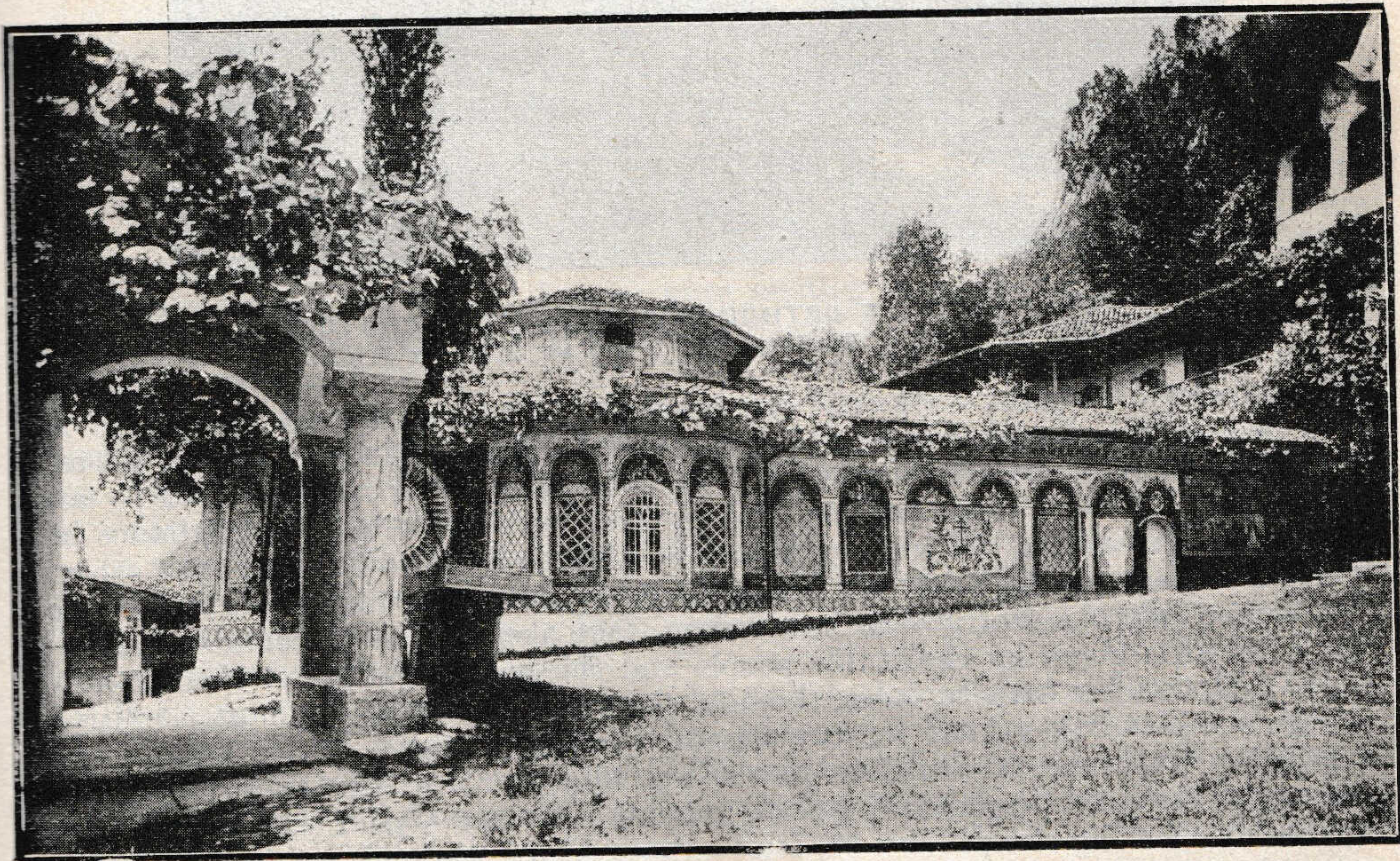
After two hours travelling I reached a little town called Drenovo. At the foot of two mountains covered with woods which are the beauty of this country, is situated a monastery famous in Bulgarian history. It was here in 1876 that the insurrection against the Turks first broke out, but without any success. The Turks poured in to quell the insurgent army, and the horrors perpetrated by them dare not be related. The monastery has since become a national monument, and a mausoleum has been constructed in which repose the remains



of the murdered insurgents. Only four monks are living in this monastery. The bad custom introduced in some Orthodox monasteries of hiring rooms to tourists during the summer, ruined the monastical discipline. This is the deplorable case with the "Saint Michael's Monastery" as it is called, which is dying out for lack of professed members.

The two old monks I met there were very kind to me; they were very pleased to know I had finished my studies in Rome, and asked me if ever I had seen the Pope. Then one of them said: "When will we see the consoling realisation of the prophecy of Christ Jesus 'There shall be one fold and one Shepherd?'" "You are young," he said to me, "and you can do very much for Bulgaria."

It was late in the evening, and leaving these kind old monks I imagined I could see far above the mountains the loving Face of the Master still repeating with divine charity and goodness: *Misereor super turbam*.



THE CHURCH IN PREOBRAJENSKI MONASTERY, TIRNOVO.

The next day I was in Gabrovo, another little town, and was allowed to visit a monastery of Orthodox Sisters. At first, the Mother-Superior wasn't very expansive. She took me for an American priest; this means a Protestant pastor, and she assured me that never before had a Catholic priest set foot in this monastery. I told her she was wrong, because the founder of their monastery, Joseph Sokolsky, was converted to Catholicism. He abjured the schism in 1860, and was consecrated bishop of the sixty thousand Bulgarians who followed his example by Pius IX. The sisters living at that time in this monastery were of the number.

Is it reality or forced imagination, but I had the impression that a sparkle of sympathy for the reunion-idea is still glimmering between the walls of this monastery. As soon as she knew I was a Catholic priest, the Superior did her utmost to satisfy my curiosity, and answered in a most friendly way to my long list of questions. Every shadow of distrust had vanished. I was a welcome





**COMMUNITY OF ORTHODOX SISTERS AT GABROVO,  
With Fr. Eugene Bossilkoff, C.P., and an Orthodox Priest.**


guest, and the smallest nook and corner of the house was shown to me. It is more a complex of cottages than a monastery. Every cottage has a big room, a straight corridor and two other small rooms. The larger room is used by an older sister, the two small ones by two novices, who are under the vigilance of the older sister during the whole novitiate. Although separated from each other, it ought to be remarked that the Sisters have a real community-life; they work in common, say the Holy Office in common, take their repast in common. They live from gifts given by charitable people and the poor resources of their handiwork, such as little carpets, laces, threads, etc. The kitchen is the most primitive one I ever saw; they have no kitchen-stove at all; instead of this I remarked a hearth. The food is served in bowls, not in plates; in this they follow the custom of the poor people, and I could quickly convince myself that their repast was far from being sumptuous. I don't wear a beard, and this aroused a certain astonishment in the kitchen-sister, a rather aged nun, who had difficulty in believing I was a Catholic priest. Being informed that the Catholic priest is not obliged to wear the beard, she came nearer and kissed my hand. This was done with a certain ceremony. First she made a profound bow, clasped her hands on which I was told to put mine, then she again bowed and kissed them. This was repeated by the other sisters. The youngest novice is eighteen years of age, the eldest sister is past seventy. Altogether there are thirteen sisters. Once more this number proves how little religious life is esteemed amongst the Orthodox.


After I had taken a photograph of the sisters, I left with the secret hope that in the near future they would return to the Fold. Certainly the present state of the monks in general, does not by any means preclude this hope. They are not so inveterate and obstinate in the error as are their leaders, the Bishops and priests. They have a sincere faith and a filial devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin. This is the most comforting pledge of hope. The efficacy of continual prayer will do the rest, and will dissipate the spiritual miasma, which for many centuries has prevailed.



# Celia's Hands

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FRANCIS J. BENSON

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Tony took up one of her hands.  
“They’re lovely” he said,  
musingly. “Soft and white and  
strong and delicate. And they’ve  
brought hope and healing into the  
world. And I, in my rashness  
almost deprived the world of  
them.”

The sincerity of his words  
touched her.  
..........

CELIA BURKE passed her long thin fingers thoughtfully over the cigarette she had drawn from her platinum case.

Thin, tapering, carefully tended fingers they were. Yet not the fingers of a vain woman. They suggested rather trained hands, hands that were strong and beautiful and competent because of the work they were called upon to perform. And that in truth was what they were, for Celia was that *rara avis* among women of the medical profession, a skilled surgeon.

Her reputation—she specialised in ophthalmic or eye surgery—was steadily growing, and she was able, as she sat there in her Harley Street sitting-room, to look back on the few years that had passed since her graduation with the feeling that they had indeed been fruitful. Many patients had had reason to be grateful to her for her healing hands, doctors were sending cases to her in ever-increasing numbers, while she had overheard herself referred to as “that marvellous woman in Harley Street.”

It had not been too easy for her either, nor for her parents, now dead, who had scrimped and saved to give their brilliant daughter her chance. There had been her degree course at Dublin, and then her still more expensive specialised training at a famous London medical school.

It was there she had first met Dr. Henry Lorimer. He was one of the teachers at the school and she had been assigned to him for special work. From the first he was attracted by the young Irish girl-doctor, finding her charming personally, and, professionally, most capable.

Her training finished, it had been he who had smoothed the way for her in her chosen career of eye surgeon. He had secured for her a share in a Harley Street house at what was, considering the value of the address, an amazingly low rental. Lorimer’s influence with general practitioners, too, had been responsible for their sending her quite a number of cases, and with these and her own natural aptitude for her work as a foundation, success had soon come to her.

It was only then that Dr. Lorimer, the soul of honour, permitted himself to tell her how he felt towards her personally. She made no pretence of being surprised, but told him quite simply that the difference in religion between them made marriage impossible. He accepted her decision calmly, almost without a change of expression, though he must have felt the refusal keenly. “Thank you for being so frank,” he said. “But remember, I shall not give up hope.”

That incident had occurred not very long after she had set up in Harley Street when she still retained something of the fervour of early days, though even then her grip on her Catholic faith had loosened considerably.

Not that she was altogether blameable, for, after all, hers had been a busy life. In her student days there had been classes, clinics, hospital practice, study, examinations, and it had not been sufficient for her to pass. She had to pass brilliantly, for the gulf between specialisation and general practice is hard to bridge and only those with first-class qualifications can do it. Then had come her post-graduate training with its researches and its theses.

Thus the gaining of Celia’s ambition had made it necessary to cast aside many



things, and, unfortunately, one of the things that went was, not her faith, but rather her fervour. Nor when, her studies finished, she had set up in practice, had she regained it. Rather did it lessen. She found herself with long periods of leisure, to fill which she had recourse to a small circle to which Dr. Lorimer had introduced her.

A group of witty intellectual people composed it. Art, music and literature were the chief topics of conversation, with a fair amount of medical shop, since the majority of the members were doctors. There was nothing about the group or the conversation which one could put one's finger upon as definitely anti-Catholic, save, perhaps, that it represented the extreme of polished worldliness. The discussion of religion was, by common consent, banned.

Small wonder perhaps, that as time went on her Catholic faith had become something almost nominal, that newer interests had driven it into the background, in common with many other old-time associations.

Like Tony McGuire, for instance. Strange how glad she had been to see him, poor, blundering, entirely lovable Tony, when he had called to consult her about a case that morning. It was the first time she had seen him since Dublin days. He had been terribly earnest in his efforts to explain that he really wasn't here to make a nuisance of himself again. That had been a reference to the stumbling, incoherent remarks made years ago which she had managed to construe—rightly, it appeared—into a proposal of marriage.

"How was he doing?" she had asked him.

Pretty well, it seemed. After he graduated he simply put up his plate in Liverpool and—well, the patients seemed to come all right.

Yes, she thought, they would. She could see them flocking to him, to Tony, with his eternal good-humour and his soft voice and his endless patience. Oh, they'd come to him all right, the sad-eyed Irish mothers and hard-handed dockers and, inevitably, droves of children. She was suddenly glad that she had suggested his taking her out to supper that night. With a quick gesture she tossed away her unlighted cigarette and rose to begin her preparations for the evening.

She had suggested that it would be best if she called at his hotel and they might go on somewhere from there. The arrangement worked admirably. As soon as her taxi stopped at the hotel she saw him, well-groomed, unexpectedly handsome, standing on the steps. She waved to him and he came down the steps, eagerly, expectantly.

She held the door open for him.

"Jump in," she said. "I've told the driver to take us to the Mecca."

Tony obeyed, and only a few minutes elapsed before they were being led by an obsequious head-waiter to the little table which had been reserved for them.

They had much to say to each other during the meal which followed, about old times and old associates, and it was only when toying with bon-bons and cigarettes that the conversation took a personal turn.

"Not married yet, Tony?" Celia asked casually.

He looked at her reproachfully.

"I asked you to marry me, once, didn't I?" he said.

She nodded.

"Then know, O lady, that I haven't changed my mind. You're the only girl I ever wanted to marry, and you, being clearer-sighted than I, saw that God didn't want you to marry me. He'd given you hands such as He had given to few and He wanted you to use them for the benefit of humanity. That's why you were right in not marrying me."

He took up one of her hands.

"They're lovely," he said musingly. "Soft and white and strong and delicate. And they've brought hope and healing into the world. And I, in my rashness, almost deprived the world of them."



"Tony," she said, a little tremulously, for there had been a spirit of sincerity and faith and generosity in his words which had somehow pierced the armour of worldliness with which her artificial life had surrounded her. "You old humbug. Where did you learn to make such pretty speeches? Come on, let's dance."

She pretended to be very gay and care-free for the rest of the evening, but his words had shaken her complacency. They had re-admitted her to a half-forgotten Catholic philosophy.

Her hands were not really her own. They were a gift from God. They had to be used in His service. Even, perhaps, not to be used at all. Looked at in that light it was not now at all so obvious that her career was all that mattered, that it was not for her to be the wife of a busy doctor. A picture of what life with Tony could be flashed into her mind. A home and children of her own, like other women. Somehow it showed up the bleak severity of the future she had planned for herself of eminence in the medical world.

It brought clear to her consciousness, too, another danger, for a danger she now recognised it to be—marriage with that brilliant materialist, Dr. Lorimer.

She felt a sudden craving for the warm, human, safe friendliness of Tony, almost a kind of home-sickness for the faith and the things of the faith for which he seemed, somehow, to stand. It was while the room was in darkness and an amber light shining upon an exhibition dance that she made up her mind to secure his companionship for at least a few days.

"Tony," she said. "I think I should like to see Liverpool. If I came up would you show me round?"

"Would I?" he exclaimed. "There's nothing in the world I should like better. I'm going back by the ten o'clock train to-morrow."

"Right," she interrupted. "Call round for me and we'll both go together."

She found her visit to Liverpool under Tony's guidance a strenuous but entertaining experience. On her second day there he insisted on taking her on a tour of inspection of the docks, and introduced her with great pride to a variety of grimy but very respectful men, all of them anxious to demonstrate their own particular technical specialities.

Then came Tony's great surprise, for the perfect execution of which he had to leave her for a few moments and visit a big liner. The surprise, in fact, was to be that Celia and he would have lunch in the liner, specially prepared by the head chef, who, like every third man in the Liverpool docks was a special friend of Tony's.

He had hardly put his foot on the gangway when he heard a scream which sent him racing back to where he had come from. A small group had gathered, and forcing his way into the centre he saw Celia unconscious, her head supported by a docker.

"What's happened?" he exclaimed.

One of the men nodded in the direction of a stationary motor-van, and Tony understood. He bent down quickly and examined the girl. Her injuries seemed to be confined to her right hand. Three of the fingers were cruelly crushed.

"She slipped off that crane platform. Must have caught her shoe or something. I swerved and just missed her, but the rear wheel must have passed over her hand," explained the driver.

Somebody had sent for an ambulance, and Tony had just time roughly to bandage up the hand before it arrived. On arrival at the hospital Celia was rushed to the surgical ward. When it was known who she was a consultation of the greatest surgeons in Liverpool was held, but at last it was decided that amputation would have to be done.

As soon as ever they would let him, Tony went to see Celia. He found her propped up with cushions in an armchair. She was pale, but her eyes were brighter and her face more animated than usual.



"Oh, Celia, I'm so sorry about it all!" he burst out.

"About this?" she queried. "No need to be," she went on without waiting for an answer. "I'm not."

"But . . . your career . . . and the people you could heal," he said, bewildered. "I don't understand."

"Oh, that," she said, and shrugged as if to dismiss the whole matter. "It doesn't matter any more. You see, you were wrong about God wanting me to be a surgeon. He doesn't."

"Then what does He want you to be?" he asked.

"Your wife," she said. "Do you mind? You see I've only got nine good fingers and . . ."

But with a great laughing shout he very effectively prevented further speech.

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## Passionist Retreats

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1937.

The following are amongst the Retreats given by the Passionist Fathers of St. Patrick's Province in the months of November and December:—

Lusk, Co. Dublin	Fr. Austin
Roundwood, Co. Wicklow	FF. Gerard and Hilary
University Church, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	Fr. Vivian
Troops, Collins Barracks, Dublin	Fr. Herman
Confraternity, St. Mungo's, Glasgow	Fr. Daniel
Presentation Brothers, Killarney, Co. Kerry	Fr. Austin
Do. do. Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh	Fr. Terence
Do. do. Dungannon, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Frederick
Christian Brothers, Wexford	Fr. Ignatius
Do. do. Letterfrack, Co. Galway	Fr. Hilary
Do. do. Artane, Co. Dublin	Fr. Casimir
Poor Clare Convent, Cavan	Fr. Ignatius
Presentation Sisters, Crosshaven, Co. Cork	Fr. Gerald.
Do. do. Mullingar, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Eugene
Do. do. Stradbally, Leix	Fr. Herman
Sacred Heart Convent, Lisburn, Co. Antrim	Fr. Edmund
Sisters of Mercy, Summerhill, Athlone	Fr. Kieran
Do. do. Downpatrick, Co. Down	Fr. Richard
Do. do. Boyle, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Austin
Do. do. Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal	Fr. Thomas
Do. do. Cookstown, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Terence
Do. do. Cahir, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Colman
Do. do. Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Frederick
Do. do. Rathangan, Leix	Fr. Isidore
Do. do. Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim	Fr. Sylvius
Do. do. Swinford, Co. Mayo	Fr. Gerard
Do. do. Ballymote, Co. Sligo	Fr. Gerard
Sacred Heart Home, Roscommon	Fr. Christopher
Sacred Heart Sisters, Barrhead, Glasgow	Fr. Cormac
Franciscan Convent, Briar Road, Glasgow	Fr. Owen
Students, Blackrock College, Dublin	Fr. Albert
Do. St. Malachy's College, Belfast	Fr. Kieran
Do. Violet Hill, Newry, Co. Down	Fr. Edmund
Do. Presentation College, Bray, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Christopher
Do. Patrician College, Ballyfin, Leix	Fr. Kieran
Do. O'Brien Institute, Dublin	Fr. Vivian
Boarders, Passionist Convent, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare	Fr. Frederick
Do. do. do. Ballycastle, Co. Antrim	Fr. Sylvius
Do. Convent of Mercy, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Casimir
Do. do. do. Castlebar, Co. Mayo	Fr. Sylvius
E. de M., Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	Fr. Casimir
Do. do. do. Crumlin Road, Dublin	Fr. Edmund
Do. St. Mungo's, Glasgow	Fr. Daniel
Do. Convent of Mercy, Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Albert
St. Joseph's, Musselburgh, Scotland	Fr. Owen
Business Girls, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin	Fr. Daniel
Do. do. do. (2nd Retreat)	Fr. Frederick
Inmates, St. Joseph's Home, Portland Row, Dublin	Fr. Eugene



# The Sign of the Cross

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LEON DREICHTON

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The sign of the cross should  
always be made with thought,  
with reverence and with care.  
Too often we are apt to regard it  
as a habit to which is attached a  
customary formula : : :  
.....

“IN the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” This solemn invocation is invariably connected with, and immediately brings to our mind the Sacred Sign of our Faith, the Sign of the Cross. In the making of this Sign we commemorate the death of Our Blessed Saviour while affirming, in using the introductory words, our belief in the Holy Trinity and our trust in our Crucified Redeemer.

It is interesting to trace the origin of the practice of making the Sign of the Cross. The Bible itself affords us ample evidence that even before the coming of Christ the cross as a sign bore a particular significance and was endowed with a nature both sacred and powerful. In the Book of Ezechiel (IX, 4) we read : “And the Lord said to him : Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem : and mark *Thau* upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof.” Haydock, in his elaborate notes on the authorised English version of the Bible, published in 1812, explains this passage for us. He says “*Thau*, or *Tau*, is the last letter in the Hebrew Alphabet, and signifies a sign or a mark. St. Jerome and other interpreters conclude it was the form of the letter *thau*, which in the ancient Hebrew character was the form of a cross,” and elsewhere in his notes, he amplifies his explanation thus :

“God bids an angel mark with the letter *Thau* the foreheads of those who should not be hurt by the judgments that were to fall upon Jerusalem : So God would protect the faithful Christians who believed and put their trust in Christ crucified and who from the first ages in testimony of this faith used to sign themselves by making the sign of the Cross on their foreheads of which the letter *Thau* was a figure or resemblance.” Christ Himself, during His sojourn on earth used the Sign—in instituting the Sacraments, in healing the sick, in blessing His disciples. Indeed, His last act on earth was, according to the Gospel of St. Luke (XXIV, 50, 51), the blessing of His disciples with the Sign of our Redemption :

“And he led them out as far as to Bethania ; and lifting up his hands he blessed them.

“And it came to pass, whilst he blessed them, that he departed from them, and was carried up to heaven.”

It should not be surprising, even to non-Catholics, in view of such incontrovertible evidence of God’s sanction for the making of the Sign of the Cross as is to be found in the Scriptures, that the Church ever since its establishment has continued the practice on all occasions. Worthington tells us “This sign has always been held in veneration among Christians.” That “This sign amongst the ancient Christians was used on every occasion” we have on the equally reliable authority of Calmet. Haydock, whom we quoted before, reminds us : “It appeared to Constantine (the first Christian Emperor) with this inscription ‘in this conquer’, and again over Jerusalem ; and will be borne before Christ at His last coming, to the joy of those who have performed their baptismal promises, and to the confusion of the enemies of the cross of Christ.” Following the divine precedent, God’s ministers employ the sign in the Consecration of the Holy Eucharist as well as in the administration of all the Sacraments. As a fitting preface or a fervent conclusion to prayer its use is ordained by the



Church. In Benediction, the blessing which Our Divine Lord gave to His disciples, before His Ascension, is extended to all the faithful bowed down in adoration before Him. In the Holy Mass, the priest before the Last Gospel solemnly blesses with the Sign of the Cross all present at the glorious perpetuation of Christ's Supreme Sacrifice. In all the ceremonies of the Church this sacred sign is used with great veneration.

It may be said that to the laity the Sign of the Cross is the Alpha and Omega of all prayer. Even in worldly affairs God's patronage is through its use invoked in commencing our work and our lawful recreations. In Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary* we read: "No wonder, then, that the mere form of the cross, which could remind the heathen only of a horrible and ignominious death, should be dear from the first to the Christian heart; no wonder that Christians began their prayer and sanctified each action, with that sign which reminds us at once of that Sacred Passion, which is the fount of all grace and mercy." The same authority quotes Tertullian: "At every step and movement, when we go in or out, when we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when lights are brought, when we go to bed, when we sit down, whatever it is which occupies us, we mark the forehead with the sign of the cross." In former days a "Last Will and Testament" began: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In the same words we call on God to protect us when we make the Sign of our Faith in times of temptation, affliction, distress or danger. What powerful consolation it brings to us! What wonderful calm it restores to our conflicting emotions! In the midst of a thunderstorm when "the swift-winged arrows of light" instil fear in the heart of the traveller; on the field of battle when the shells of the enemy threaten death for the soldier; in the condemned cell when the thoughts of the executioner's rope on the morrow sadden the last night on earth of the doomed prisoner, fortitude and hope are found in the saving Sign of our Salvation. "Neither" says Thomas à Kempis "shalt thou fear thy enemy the devil, if thou be armed with faith, and signed with the Cross of Christ." Its efficacy is universally recognised. Catholics throughout the whole world employ the Sacred Sign full of confidence in the grace and comfort which it ensures. Even the simple peasant folk of countries that have lost the Faith continue, in times of stress or trouble, the glorious practice of their more fortunate ancestors. Writers of every age have accorded the Sign of the Cross a noteworthy recognition in presenting it to their characters as a lifebuoy when they are tossed by the tempestuous waves—literal or figurative—of their creators' making. Of the poets who have paid their tributes to the Cross it may be said "their name is 'Legion'."

One needs to be neither writer nor reader to understand the powerful significance of the Cross. The very making of the Sign of the Cross inspires a spiritual emotion which is far greater than artistic impulse or aesthetic ecstasy. A true appreciation of the beauties of poetry is experienced only when the soul is attuned to God's grace in a harmony which co-exists with the complete acceptance of and the willing obedience to the decrees of the Giver of Life. The great St. Francis of Assisi experienced this spiritual and intellectual pleasure—this "infusion of heavenly sweetness"—in a way which is unknown to us vain-glorious, puerile transgressors. With him pain and pleasure were inseparably mixed. One does not doubt that the miraculous Stigmata was the crown of all his earthly hopes. When the Sacred Wounds of Our Crucified Redeemer were reproduced on the frail body of holy Francis, he must have exclaimed even as another Francis,\* writing of the Cross, seven centuries later exclaimed:

"Of reaped joys thou art the heavy sheaf."

We can experience for ourselves a little of this great joy every time we make

\*Francis Thompson—in his *Ode to the Setting Sun*.



the Sign of the Cross. But to attain this bliss we must make it with thought, with reverence and with care, particularly with care. We are all apt to regard it as a habit to which is attached a customary formula. With a little more attention to the wonderful significance of our action we can add to our daily happiness while doing a little to merit the divine recognition which is promised us in the Apocalypse (VII, 3) in the words: "Hurt not the earth, nor the sea, nor the trees, till we seal the servants of our God in their foreheads"—a recognition which shall be accorded to us on the Last Day, when the fruits of our redemption at Calvary shall be revealed to all mankind in the Sign of the Cross; when, according to St. Matthew (XXIV, 30) "shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty." The little extra attention in making the Sign of our Salvation shall replace our former carelessness if we make our resolution in all earnestness and sincerity "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

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## The End of the Day

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ANTHONY DEMPSEY

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*A vivid and beautiful pen-picture based upon the office of Compline, the prayer which closes the Liturgy of the Church at the end of the day.*

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HOW difficult to walk even a short distance, thought Father Clement, as he made his way to choir for Compline. During his sixty years of religious life he had never missed this beautiful night prayer of the Church. Even when illness had kept him from choir he had said it privately. These last few stairs were always so difficult. How his heart pounded. Gone now were his youthful visions of "dying in harness"—perhaps in the Mission Fields—a martyr. Only instead he was here "on the shelf" in the secluded novitiate house of the Order. There was something, though, in what the Provincial had said—one can always pray—and what greater work is there than prayer? To die in prayer would be to die in harness. Now he was safely in his choir stall, the one near the door, specially allotted to him because of his age.

The clear, young voice of a novice was breaking the evening stillness, asking for a blessing. "May the Almighty grant us a quiet night and a perfect end." "O Lord," breathed Fr. Clement, "grant to my life a quiet night and a perfect end." Again the novice's voice: "Brethren, be sober and watch: because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour: whom resist ye, strong in faith. But do Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us." Then the full-throated cadences of the *Confiteor*, succeeded by the ringing call: "Lord come to my help. Lord make haste to help me."

Because it was a feast day, they were saying Sunday Psalms, the ones which Fr. Clement liked the best. Majestically the verses of the Fourth Psalm: "When I called upon Him, the God of my justice heard me"—were sent ringing through the church. The last two verses always touched Father Clement deeply: he often repeated them during the day: "In peace in the self-same I will sleep and I will rest: for thou, O Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope." Now they were saying Psalm 90—"He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Jacob. . . . Because thou, O



Lord, art my hope : thou hast made the Most High thy refuge. There shall no evil come to thee . . . . for He hath given his angels charge over thee (here Fr. Clement made an invocation to his guardian angel) to keep thee in all thy ways." This last verse had taken on a special meaning for him in his ageing years : "I will fill him with length of days"—he had indeed seen many days, and had been comforted by the many consolations of the priesthood ; he had seen his priestly presence bring joy to the sick and calm courage to the dying : he had seen penitents leave his confessional, their weight of sin left behind and their eyes shining with confidence for the future : he had instructed converts who had been drawn to the Faith in all manner of wonderful ways : he had given Holy Communion to little children whose stainless souls were mirrored in their joyful countenances. "And I will show him my salvation." And then Psalm 133 : "Behold now bless ye the Lord . . . . who stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God." Yes, reflected the old priest, I am in the courts of the house of my God—more especially since I am in religion. The hymn *Te Lucis* was now ringing echoes through the darkening church : "Before the light fails, we beg thee, O Creator of all things, to be our Captain and our Guardian." Then the beautiful chapter from Jeremias : "But thou O Lord art amongst us, and thy holy name is called upon by us, forsake us not, Lord our God."

How dark it was. The responses—for sixty years Fr. Clement had said them, commending himself to God each night. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Thrice they repeated it. What a beautiful thing to say before going to sleep, to the rest that typifies death. "Take care of us, O Lord, as the pupil of thine eye ; protect us in the shadow of thy wings."

The hebdomadarian's voice chants *Salva nos*, and the antiphonarian begins to intone the Canticle of Simeon. "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace." During all those past years Fr. Clement had visualised to himself the Temple of Jerusalem. He would see Mary and Joseph and the Child, and then Simeon taking the Infant into his arms. To-day he saw it all so clearly. Simeon now had the Child in his arms. The choir was saying : "Because my eyes have seen thy salvation . . . . a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." And now Simeon had handed the Child back to the Mother and the sadness in her face was the sadness of the world.

"Save us, Lord, while we are awake and keep us while we sleep, that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace." And then with the Blessing the Compline was over. The day was ended. Fr. Clement rose stiffly from his stall. "A quiet night and a perfect end."

### Spiritual Privileges

The Most Rev. Fr. General of the Passionists has, by a special decree, extended to all subscribers to Passionist periodicals, as well as to contributors, the spiritual privileges which are granted to Benefactors of the Passionist Congregation. By virtue of this decree, noted in the official *Acta Cong. Passionis* (Vol. XI, page 287), subscribers and contributors to THE CROSS participate in the following :

2,300 MASSES which are celebrated annually in Passionist Retreats for living Benefactors on Festivals of the second class.

1,700 MASSES which are celebrated annually for Deceased Benefactors.

1,700 OFFICES FOR THE DEAD which are recited at the beginning of each month for Deceased Benefactors.

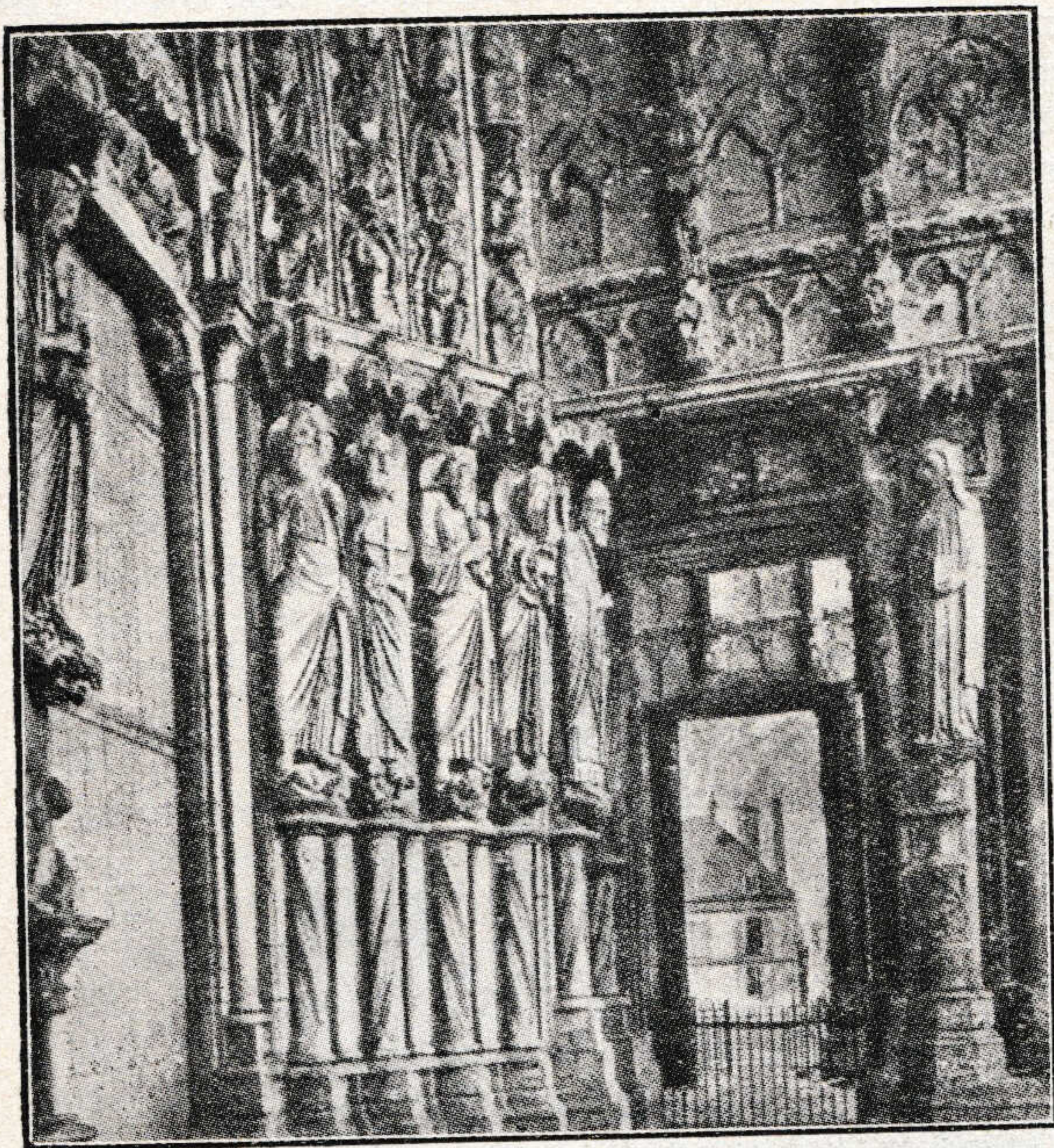


# Our Lady ~ of Chartres

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P. REDMOND BUCKLEY

Chartres remains a place impossible to describe. It must be seen before it can be realised—and when you have seen it once you will not be satisfied until you have visited it again and yet again.



DETAIL OF DOORWAY  
Chartres Cathedral

aspect is indeed grandiose. The principal facade, 50 metres wide, is composed of three deep portals above which are three ogival windows surmounted by a magnificent rose window, and a gallery adorned with sixteen statues of kings.

At one's first view of the Cathedral of Chartres, one is struck with profound admiration by the imposing majesty, the magnificence and above all, by the truly Christian inspiration displayed. This sacred edifice dazzles the eye as by a vision of heavenly wonders. Within and without this Cathedral, blackened by the elements during so many centuries, still so youthful in grace, so full of poetry, there is a galaxy of beauty beyond the power of words to capture or to describe.

Not a little of its matchless perfection is due to its unique situation. Placed high upon the hill above the town it completely dominates the scene. Its tapering twin spires, alike in impulse, yet strangely dissimilar in detail, soar upwards towards the heavens. Chartres Cathedral is unique in beauty.

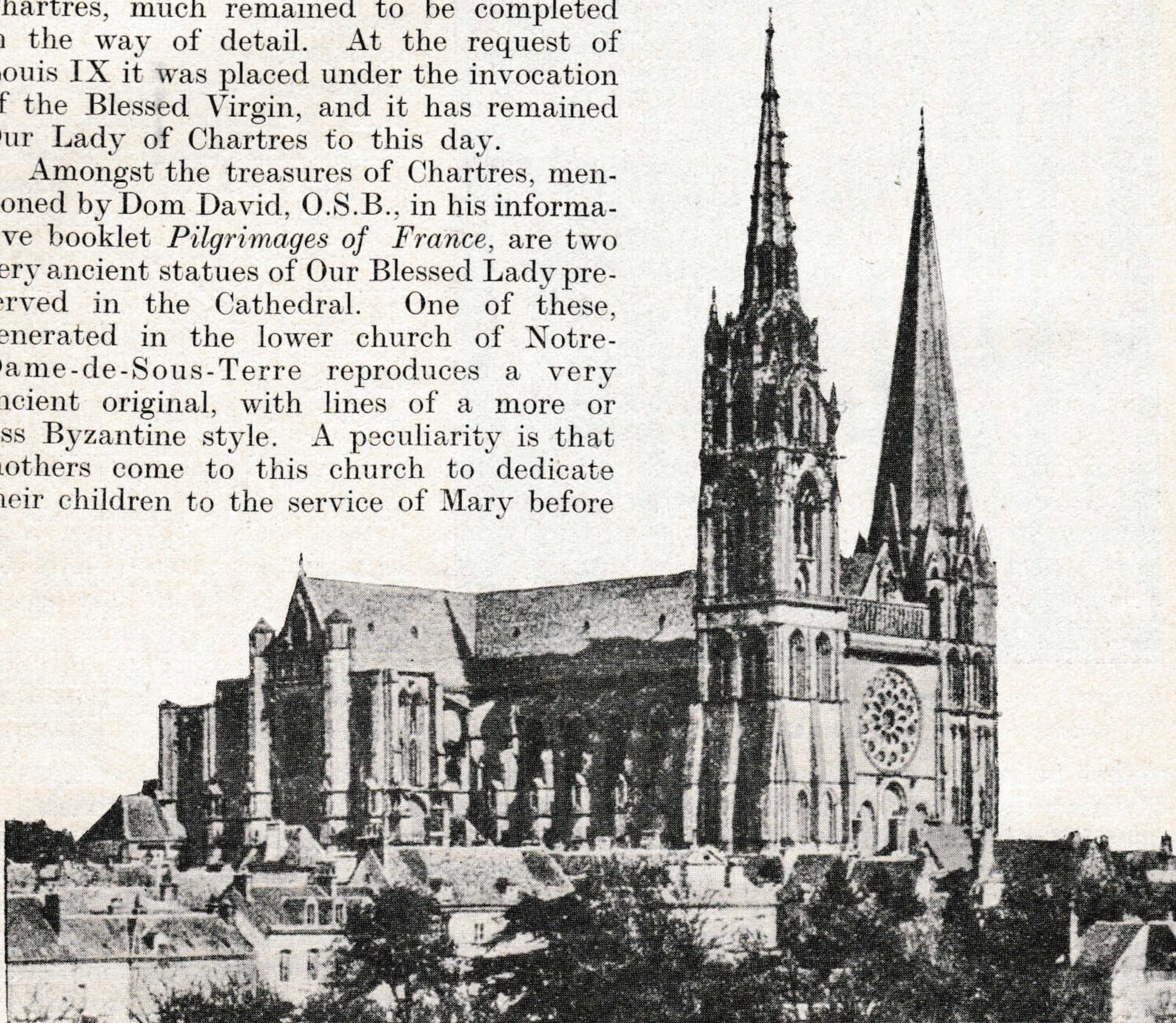
Writing in the *Irish Monthly* some little while ago, Francis MacManus has well described the inspiration of Chartres :

"The men of a score of centuries who chose that hill as a place of worship, and built upon it and re-built and built again when fire and war had laid their succession of temples low, these men could not but choose mightily because that hill had been raised for them by Providence. The Cathedral was there, a command over the limitless outspread earth, a thing to which men could turn from far away and know, that within the walls, beneath the spires, was Christ the Lord God."



The present Cathedral is the direct successor of three preceding episcopal churches that perished in the vicissitudes of the centuries. Early in the 3rd century, a church was built, where the Cathedral now stands, by St. Aventin, first Bishop of Chartres. Destroyed during an early persecution, it was rebuilt and lasted until the 9th century, when the Norman invaders captured Chartres and put its inhabitants to the sword. A hundred years later it was again damaged by fire, and finally in 1020, a fire—caused presumably by lightning—destroyed almost the entire town, and with it, the cathedral of Chartres. The work of constructing the present cathedral was immediately commenced under the episcopacy of Bishop Fulbert, illustrious for his piety and talent. At the solemn dedication in 1260 by Peter de Mainey, the seventy-seventh Bishop of Chartres, much remained to be completed in the way of detail. At the request of Louis IX it was placed under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and it has remained Our Lady of Chartres to this day.

Amongst the treasures of Chartres, mentioned by Dom David, O.S.B., in his informative booklet *Pilgrimages of France*, are two very ancient statues of Our Blessed Lady preserved in the Cathedral. One of these, venerated in the lower church of Notre-Dame-de-Sous-Terre reproduces a very ancient original, with lines of a more or less Byzantine style. A peculiarity is that mothers come to this church to dedicate their children to the service of Mary before



**CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF CHARTRES.**

they are born. There is thus an anonymous sisterhood of silent pilgrims, and "Children of Mary" numbering, we understand, some twenty-five thousand.

But there is more to attract pilgrims to Chartres than even a much venerated statue of Mary. There is that wonderful relic, called the gown of the Annunciation, which it is said that the Emperor of Byzantium presented to Charlemagne in the 9th century. And there is also the extraordinary series of masterpieces of sculpture which, in the doorways, on the pillars and in the windows sing the praises of the Queen of Heaven. One can never say enough about those noble and moving figures with which the unknown artists of the 13th century peopled the portals of the transepts, or of the scriptural personages who animate the



columns of the royal entrance without in any way disturbing the harmony of their lines. The whole forms one of the most beautiful mystic hymns in stone ever wrought by the hand of the sculptor.

Another incomparable and unforgettable impression is given by the stained-glass windows, whose colourful fairy-like effects are transformed by the changing light of dawn, of mid-day or of twilight. Here on every side, the pilgrim is surrounded by the hosts of Heaven, from the angels of Paradise to the gigantic figures of the Prophets, whilst by contrast legendary scenes are depicted in miniature on the smallest medallions.

The cathedral has, too, a gable decorated with an image of Our Lady, and a gigantic statue of the Redeemer. The two eastern towers, surmounted by stone spires, count amongst the most beautiful monuments of their kind erected in the Middle Ages. The smaller one—that on the right—known as “the old belfry”—*le vieux clocher*—dates from the twelfth century. Plain, without merely decorative ornamentation, it owes its admirable beauty to its proportions. The one to the left, called “the new belfry”—*le neuf clocher*—rises to a height of 400 feet, the upper portion dating from 1506 to 1514. It is recognised by all as a marvel of artistic stonework.

Inside the cathedral Gothic art in its primitive purity has produced one of the most magnificent masterpieces of architecture. The choir is surrounded by an arcade in stone, the wonderful sculptures of which, completed in 1706, represent the principal events of the life of the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. Its stained windows constitute the most remarkable ensemble the whole world over. There are no less than 125 large Gothic windows, 3 large, 85 lesser, and 12 small rose windows. They represent the offerings of a whole nation. Side by side with windows donated by the Guilds of Coopers, Drapers and Furriers, there are those presented by Saint Louis, Ferdinand de Castille, Amaury de Montfort and Pierre de Bretagne. Nearly all these windows date back to the first half of the 13th century. The great eastern rose windows above the eastern portals, dating from the 12th century, show the “Tree of Jesse,” “The Childhood of Christ,” and “The Passion.”

The great rose window on the northern side is known as “The Rose of France,” because it was donated by St. Louis, and is consecrated to the glorification of the Virgin. The lower windows show, in an astonishing variety of design, scenes from the Old and New Testament, from the lives of the saints, and the history of the Church, while the tall upper windows contain figures of gigantic proportions and almost fierce aspect. The influence of the Orient is traceable in these famous windows. The figures have the hieratic appearance and the sumptuous and almost barbaric attitude of the Asiatic, while the frame-work, in its design and peculiar arrangement of colours, recalls the Persian carpets which certainly have served as models to the artists, because we know from existing manuscripts that in the 13th century there was being produced in France carpets in imitation of those brought back from the East by the Crusaders.

But, in the end, Chartres remains a place impossible to describe. It must be seen before it can be realised—and when you have seen it once you will not be satisfied until you have visited again and yet again.

We borrow again the words of Francis MacManus, who seems to have caught better than any other writer the atmosphere of Chartres :

“But why should I write! Men have written libraries of books and essays and monographs. You could fill a book about any one of the porches that are thick with stone people. You could fill pages on a few of the figures, on that small thing, for example, amongst the tiers of people on the North Porch, that figure of a woman who has her right arm upraised, the open crook-fingered hand behind her unloosed hair, the other arm outstretched: stone crying awfully with grief. Men have been exalted and have searched pitifully for words, praying for the poetry that would seize all and release all; they have babbled of jewels, diamonds, turquoise; of rainbows and the changes of the sun and the elements; of the flight of birds; of the music of mankind; but they have made only books. In spite of them, in spite of aesthetes and what not, Chartres remains a place for prayer.”



“We Preach  
Christ  
Crucified”



“unto them that  
are called . . .  
the power of God and  
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

## CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

### XXXVII.—JESUS SAID : “ I THIRST.”

“ Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, said : ‘ I thirst ’.” Was this a request? Did Jesus want them to give Him a drink? It was certainly a statement of fact. Jesus did thirst.

The thirst that precedes death is always most acute; those who have stood by the dying know it. Nearing the end, when the sufferer seems no longer conscious, moisten the lips with water on a sponge, and you will see the strained face relax, and the lips suck at the sponge.

But when death is resulting from loss of blood the thirst is still more agonizing. What stories are told of the battlefields where soldiers lie bleeding to death! Nor need we go so far for an example; every hospital at home is the constant scene of this burning thirst. After any operation where there has been much loss of blood, it is the thirst, not the pain of the wound, that tortures the patient. And Jesus is dying, not of any mortal wound, but of loss of blood from many wounds. “ From the sole of the foot to the top of the head there is no soundness in Him; wounds and bruises and swelling sores ” (Isaias, I, 6).

And all this for us! And some find it hard, and some declare it impossible to abstain from excessive drinking for Him! Why, even the little children, all through Lent, can give up sweets and fruit and tempting mineral waters in sympathy with the thirst of Jesus dying on the Cross for them.

At His Mother's request, Jesus worked His first miracle to give a pleasant, but by no means necessary drink. At the marriage feast of Cana He but looked at the water and it blushed into wine. But Jesus never worked a miracle for His own needs. “ I thirst ! ” He says in dying; and He had given the Jews water from a rock; He had given them a land flowing with milk and honey and wine. He, Who had created the wells and springs and rivers, now He thirsts on the Cross, and not even His Mother may drop a tear on His parched lips.

Many in that multitude must have been stirred to pity. St. Matthew tells us : “ one of them running ” took up a sponge. (The soldiers had the sponge for wiping the blood from their hands and armour). The Centurion and soldiers understood, and seem to have helped, for St. John says : “ They (the plural) putting a sponge full of vinegar, about hyssop, put it to His mouth,” and he took the vinegar. The act was a kindly one, because this so-called vinegar was really a bitter but refreshing wine brought there for the soldiers; and from what we know of the Centurion, it seems that his sympathy was already aroused for our suffering Lord and His heroic Mother; if he did not himself give the drink, he saw that those who did, were not molested.

But the thirst of Jesus dying was essentially for the salvation of souls. This had been the object of all His life's energies, the only reason for His coming to earth.



The salvation of mankind, not of one nation only, but of all the world; this was His real thirst. See Him on that hot summer day after walking for many hours, "wearied with His journey" (St. John, IV, 6), sitting at midday under a pitiless sun, by Jacob's Well. Thirsty He is, and the cool water far down beyond reach of His arm. He works no miracles for Himself. He waits. Then a Samaritan woman comes to draw water. She is a sinner, and immediately, weariness and thirst are put aside, and Jesus leads her into a discussion about her sins, and converts her. It is not recorded that He got the drink of water He had asked her for.

His real thirst was for the salvation of souls. It was the infinite craving of eternal love for mankind. This was the mighty motive power which drove His human body to enthusiasms and exhaustions, that to men seemed foolishness. What to such a Saviour, the dull aching wounds in the spent body, the pierced hands and feet, the thorn-crowned head! It was His parched soul, craving for man's salvation, that cried out: "I thirst."

This Word, following closely on the preceding one: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" reveals also the Divine thirst of Jesus for His Father's honour and glory. The mocking crowds had blasphemed His Father; they had challenged God to come and stop them if He could! Jesus, Who knew the righteousness and merciful endurance of His Father, and His desire even still to reclaim the erring children of men, was now all absorbed in the accomplishment of His Father's Will.

That heaven might be peopled, not by Jews only, but by all the nations of the world. That every one of the whole human race might participate in the eternal happiness, and contribute to the honour and glory of His Father in heaven, was the chief concern of Jesus, and the primary cause of His dying cry: "I thirst."

#### THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*How many seemingly unnecessary sufferings Jesus endured for our salvation. His physical thirst, for instance; and heaven was happy without human souls. This thirst was a reparation for sins of excess in eating and drinking. His spiritual thirst was a burning desire and fear for your salvation. What physical thirst do you endure in gratitude and love for Him? Does your soul thirst for Him, or even for your own salvation?*

#### PRAYER.

O Jesus, dying in the agony of thirst, Thou couldst have created water on the Cross but Thou didst not.

Thou didst create me, but Thou couldst not re-create me, and therefore thirsted for my salvation. . . . I have thirsted after forbidden pleasures and tried to satisfy my desires by sin, heeding not Thy invitation: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink."

O grant that henceforth I may suffer and endure generously my thirst for things of earth, and be content to drink only of the fountains of salvation that flow from Thy death agony on the Cross.

"As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so let my soul pant after Thee, O God" . . . . "For what have I in heaven, and besides Thee what do I desire on earth. Thou art the God of my heart and my portion forever."

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

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#### NAMES OF DECEASED.

Anne Campion (Mother of Bro. Dominic, C.P.), Michael Bradley, Mary Ann Bradley, Sara Gillespie, Richard Farrelly, James Murphy, Elizabeth Doran, Annie Sweeney, Claud Lawler, Mary Lehane.

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# Martyrdom of St. Paul

No. 1 of Series "I Was There"

REV. MARTIN DEMPSEY

They walk through Rome on a summer morning—and the tramp of their feet is the immortal echo of tired and weary steps that are now at rest, the steps of the first and greatest of missionaries, the Apostle called Paul :: :: ::

HOW lovely looks Rome in the early summer morning; Rome when it is not yet awake. The sun shines, shadows from tall houses fall over quiet streets, wine carts from the Campagna creak down the Appian Way to the taverns in the city. Above their rumble there is the occasional splash of a fountain—for it is the City of unsparing water—water in great cascades as on the Funiculum, thrown high in the air as outside St. Peter's, or in miniature lakes like that of the Trevi.

Rome in the silence of the morning soon broken by bells calling people to their church. Priests hurry along to say some Conventual Mass, sacristans open-up the side doors of churches and shake out the mats, until suddenly from a hundred campaniles rings out the *Angelus*, and the day has indeed begun. The day of commerce, the day of study, the day for the doctor, the busman, the pedlar, the day for these long lines of seminarians who from their National Colleges march to their University.

They walk through Rome on a sunny summer morning—and the tramp of their feet is the immortal echo of tired and weary steps that are now at rest—the steps of a broad-shouldered, stockily-built man—somewhat bald, with a slightly aquiline nose—closely-knit eyebrows—with a thick, greyish beard and a fair companion. The first and greatest of all missionaries. The "walker" *par excellence* of the Catholic Church, the Apostle called Paul. But the students from all lands are on the roads of Rome waiting to begin the life of lives. This man was on a road from Rome, nearly two thousand years ago. He was on his way to Life—just as they are—but for him, Sister Death had first to be encountered.

He had been a citizen of Rome, so they took Paul the Apostle outside the walls there to execute him. It was a busy road that led to the great port of Ostia. By the Pyramid of Cestius they moved along. By tombs of the Roman dead until they came to the Aquae Salviae. It was near a pine wood. The prisoner was nearly sixty-eight years of age, for over thirty years he had walked the known world. The soldiers knew that he belonged to some strange new religion. As a prisoner in the city during the past six years they had grown to like and honour him—but that was over. They were here for a certain business—a sword flashed in the sunshine—a quick, glancing movement—a thud—a fall. It was over. The greatest man of his time had died the greatest of all deaths—the accolade of God to those whom He dearly loves.

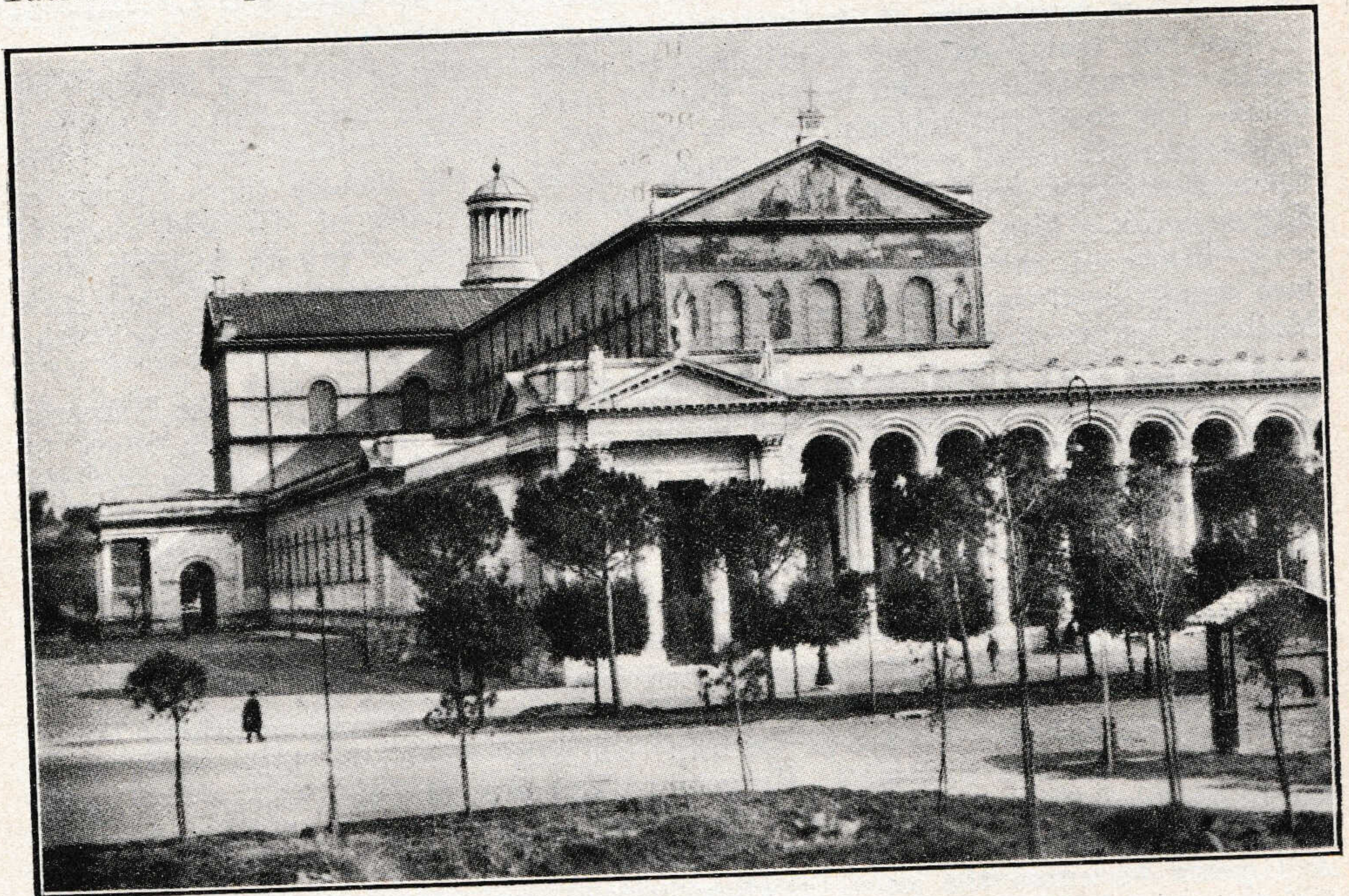
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He had been born at Tarsus in the opening years of the Christian Era. Tarsus, that Greek-speaking city with its own university, its great commercial activity—its harbour and its timber trade. Jews lived there, as they did in all the Roman cities of business, and to one of the Jewish families in the Colony, Paul, or more properly in Hebrew, "Saul," belonged. His people were of the privileged number entitled to call themselves Roman citizens. On this account no power outside the Imperial city could command them to be scourged or crucified. From every provincial court of law they could appeal to Rome. The boy, later to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, was an able linguist. He spoke



and wrote in Greek. He was fluent in Aramaic, and he was certainly bound to be conversant with the Latin language of all official proclamations.

His childhood and early manhood are known only by conjecture. We see him first emerging into certain history as Saul, the fiery young anti-Christian—Saul desiring the death of Stephen and then converted on the road to Damascus. Many place him as a man in his thirties at that time. If this be so—what cities and countries and manners of men—what phases of human life were to be seen by him before the year 67 when he died. Five Caesars reigned during his life. When he was a man of fifty odd years, England was invaded and the Roman camp of London founded. The man who should destroy the Temple and devastate Jerusalem, Titus, son of Vespasian, was an officer in the Roman army towards the end of Paul's life. Seneca and Pliny lived as his contemporaries. When Paul was walking to martyrdom, Josephus was about thirty years old—Tacitus and Epictetus just young boys at school.



**THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, ROME.**

It stands on the spot where, according to ancient tradition, the Apostle suffered martyrdom.

But for us there is more interest in a road that lies just outside Jerusalem—a road that runs across a sand-coloured upland—almost straight to Damascus—for somewhere on that road was the future Apostle called to the service of Christ :

“And as he journeyed he came near Damascus : and suddenly there shined round him a light from Heaven, and he fell to earth and heard a voice saying unto him ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ and he said ‘Who art thou Lord?’ and the Lord said ‘I am Jesus whom thou persecutest : it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.’

“And he trembling and astonished said ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ and the Lord said unto him : ‘Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told there what thou must do.’

“So he entered the city and being blind after the vision he was led to the house of a disciple named Judas who lived in the street that is called ‘straight’.”

Another disciple Ananias, was directed thither by the power of God. By divine command he placed his hands upon this former enemy of all Christians. Sight was at once restored and Paul baptized.



From this time to the end, the story and the writings of S. Paul are known to the world. They have been read in every pulpit, expounded in every century, and from that moment his life was never free from the anxieties that invariably accompany great graces.

No sooner had he become a Christian than the Jews desired to have his life—a determination that was eventually realised, but not at their hands. His life at Damascus became impossible. Just think of his escape—its terror and in a way its indignity. Watchers keep vigil at the city gate—spies stand outside his house—he must wait for a dark night. He must hope against hope for no voice of betrayal, for no sentry too vigilant on his watch. Tradition tells us that an Abyssinian Christian officer saw him—and looked the other way. The penalty was his own death, and as S. George, he is honoured in the Calendar of that people.

The next few years were spent by S. Paul near the city of Damascus. He visited Syria and Arabia and was then summoned by Barnabas to supervise the work of conversion at Antioch, probably about the year 43.

See him tramp on foot from place to place—walking the grey inhospitable lands of stony hills crossed by the Roman road with its large blocks of squared stone—the road to Antioch. He is one of many travellers—some of them entertainers from all parts of the East coming to the theatre there. Some of them merchants from Bagdad and Damascus with bales of silk and loads of filigree work. Men to fight in the amphitheatre—pagan priests begging their way—litters of the great—Imperial messengers on horseback, and then this man trudging along—travelling to the “little Church” that was Antioch—the Mother Church of Gentile Christianity.

It was a town full of news, stories half in jest of how Claudius the Emperor had conquered a new and strange inland people and had founded a camp at Colchester. Sudden reports that King Agrippa had died at Caesarea—of the famine in Palestine—but little of the great work that was to be done for the One True God. Paul and Barnabas left Antioch, and with Mark departed unto Selucia—a passenger port for Cyprus and Asia Minor. They carried the message of the Gospel upon their lips and in their hearts, and the wind filled out the sails of their boats—the harbour grew dim and distant—the prow was facing a new adventure. The Missionary journeys had begun.

Cyprus and Galatia—the Council of Jerusalem. Then among others Troas, Philippi and Athens—a year at Corinth—all were visited by him. Was there ever a Missioner like S. Paul? He goes to Ephesus, through Macedonia, along the hills and valleys and woods and ravines of the near East. His was the spirit of the sword, his strength, the power and endurance of his burning, living faith. At Lystra he cures the poor crawling cripple, and writes to the converts at Galatia the great Christian declaration of freedom from the hands of Jewry; at Thessalonica he is with Silas and Timothy. There he lodges with Jewish converts and maintains himself by his trade as a tent-maker. His enemies seek to arrest him—happily he is out of the house when the police arrive, and under cover of the dark he gets away to Beraea. The first letter to the Thessalonians was probably written a few months after this flight—the letter of a loving pastor anxious for the spiritual welfare of his flock reminding them of “Our hard labour and toil, how we worked at our trade night and day, when we preached the gospel to you, so as not to be a burden to any of you.”

What a personality must have been his! Coming into strange cities—converting—working—expounding—building up little churches—suffering a thousand sorrows and disappointments and then leaving behind him these self-governing brotherhoods bound together by their common acceptance of the Christian message and its authority. Communities to be exhorted from time to time by the letters of the wandering Missioner who had already given them so much.



Now he is at Athens. It is the year 50. It is a city of fallen splendour. Does he mount the hill and look upon the Parthenon—a vision of creamy marble with the blue sea far below sparkling between its pillars? We do not know—we only know that alone he stood in this world-renowned city of the West—a city of carping criticism whose glory of intellectual creation was over, and there he preached to semi-open scoffers of the unknown God, but when he spoke of judgment to come and the Resurrection that had been they cried him down. In an atmosphere of almost contemptuous mockery his sermon to the Athenians concluded. They heard him and forgot him.

In middle age he came to Corinth, where again he took to tent-making. To Ephesus he travelled on his third missionary journey. Right across Asia Minor from Antioch to Syria. The work of God prospered, and for two years he worked and preached. His success became his destruction. The silversmiths lived from their statues of the goddess Diana, especially honoured there. Fearing his conversions, they incited a mob against Paul and drove him away.

Then, in the company of Mark, he journeyed over Macedonia and Greece. Several days he passed at Troas, where he restored life to a dead man. At Melitus he sent for the Elders of Ephesus, and in words that foreshadowed coming disasters, bade them farewell. "And now behold I go bound in spirit to Jerusalem—not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me."

He seemed to know, that in returning to Jerusalem, he was in manner like his Lord voluntarily committing himself into the hands of his enemies.

He came to Jerusalem in the year 56. On the seashore at Tyre, where the boat waited seven days to unload, the Christians begged him not to continue his journey. And on that beach of golden sand scattered with the purple murex shells, the little company meet for his blessing and then bade him farewell. At Caesarea there were further warnings of the danger, but he persisted, and so arrived in Jerusalem just before Pentecost. Here the Mother Church opened to him her arms, while, for the others, the hated apostate was at last in their hands. Through the years that had passed since that day on the road to Damascus, the undying hatred of the Jews had relentlessly pursued him. Before governors and magistrates they had accused him, mobs in Greek cities had been roused up to destroy him. In the hope of slaying him they had followed him—always failing, until now he had come to Jerusalem—he was in the Temple. He had walked into the trap. An Ephesian convert named Trophimus served as the occasion. The Apostle had taken him into the Temple, there was a yell of sacrilege that any Gentile should be there, and a frenzied mob dragged them out of the Holy Place.

The Commander of the Roman Guard allowed his prisoner to address the people. He hoped to calm them, but the effect was only added tumult. He ordered Paul to be scourged, but was stayed by fear when reminded that here was a citizen of Rome. The affair swelled into importance, and the prisoner under a large escort, was sent to Felix the Governor at Antipatris.

For two weary years the case dragged on. A new Governor replaced Felix. It was before him that the famous appeal was made—*Caesarem appello!* The Governor could do nothing—the Jews in impotent fury saw their prey escape for the moment. King Agrippa was called in to consider the case—but the intervention only lengthened the inevitable procedure. Paul had appealed to Caesar. To Rome, therefore, must he be sent. Accompanied by Luke, and in charge of a Centurion of the Augustan Cohort named Julius, they sailed for Italy. It was the year 60.

\* \* \* \* \*

Was it of these things that he thought on as he walked towards that third milestone seven years later? Of that long and tedious voyage by Emidus—



along the coast of Crete—of the Great Storm—of thunderous seas and lashing rain and of their coming to Malta? Did he remember the long march from the coast to Rome, and of how the Christian community met him outside the city and walked beside their veteran missionary? Along by the Appian Way—under the Ponta Capena, with its stones green from the dripping aqueduct above it—jostled by the crowd thronging the gate and the press of business and the rush of humanity. Did he think now of the day when he first came to Rome?

Now it was nearly over—as a prisoner on bail for two years he had dwelt in his own hired house, receiving all that came unto him, “preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.”

Luke, the beloved physician, had been with him—Tychicus, who carried his letters to the Churches of Asia—Mark had visited him, and Onesimus the slave had been restored and forgiven by his master, Philemon of Colossae. Three years ago the blame for the Fire of Rome had been cleverly deflected on to Christian shoulders and had caused the first great persecution of the Church. Now the wheel had nearly completed its circle. A last letter—the Second Epistle to Timothy was indicted—Chap. 3, 1—“Know also this, that in the last days shall come dangerous times.”—Chap. 4, v. 8—“As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord and just judge will render to me in that day: and not only to me, but to them also that love his coming. Make haste to come to me quickly.”

Who knows his thoughts—for who but God can read the human heart? It is nearly the third milestone, but it is the 67th and the last of this great priest—hated by many men for His Name’s Sake—persecuted in one city and ever moving towards the next. Serving only one Master then, now and forever.

In a moment it would be over—labour and prisons, and stripes. Thrice beaten with rods, the one stoning—the three shipwrecks—all now were ending. “In journeying often—in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city.” In labour and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, and besides all these the daily solicitude for the churches—All over—

They had come to the pinewood—Command and execution—Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles was dead. The good fight was over—the immortal memory remained.

•••••

### After Communion

Flesh of Christ so white and stainless  
Give me purity divine;  
Blood of Christ thou crimson fountain,  
Strengthen me with virgin wine.

Hands of Christ, held out to save me,  
Let me kiss each wounded palm;  
Feet of Christ, nailed fast to free me,  
Touch me with Thy holy calm.

Heart of Christ, so rudely wounded,  
Wash my soul in that clear flood,  
Flowing from Thy side deep-riven,  
Water mingling with Thy Blood.

Soul of Christ Whom I have with me  
In this Sacrament divine,  
Be my refuge now and ever,  
Take me, hold me, keep me Thine.



# The Good ~ Thief

MARGUERITE M. POTTER

A moment later, without a sound, the room was flooded with soft light. Michael saw framed in the doorway a very tall, grim-visaged stranger.

"And what exactly," said a deep, cool voice, "do you two think you are doing in my study?"

FROM the darkness of the room no sound came to the silent watcher outside, save the rather impatient jingling of coins in someone's pocket. There was no light but the dull glow of red coals still burning in the wide fireplace. This glow was obscured from time to time by the outline of a man's crossed legs, and the toe of one foot. Gee, but it was cold! Young Michael Hallett silently pressed his clammy hands together inside his muffler. Would the man *never* stir? Joe Keats and Solly Binns knew that he, Michael, could stick at a job—that's why they had sent him, he supposed. But what was this man sitting there for, anyway, in the darkness with only the fire for company? Joe and Solly would laugh if he went back now and told them he couldn't do it. Couldn't *do* it? But Mick could always do *anything*, given an opportunity of sticking at the job long enough.

Just then the keen blue eyes under their untidy thatch of hair, noticed that the firelight gleams were once more unobscured. The tense ears heard an almost indefinable slight sound from the open casement, the sure quiet step of one who treads over familiar ground, in slippered feet, and then—Oh, praise Heaven!—the only just discernible noise of a shutting door. *Now!*—

Mick was at the window in a trice, and quick fingers fumbled silently for a moment at the latch. Thank the Heavens once more that he who had been within had not shut up that crack as Mick had been afraid he would do, for the night was very cold and a grey fog enveloped the trees which stood wraithlike around the big house. Setting wide the window, he sat astride of it for a moment, listening for possible sounds, but none came, and he drew himself inside and pulled to the frame to a crack, as before.

He wished very much that his heart would not beat so loudly. It was all very well for Joe and Solly—they had done this sort of thing before, but he had not, and he—well, he wasn't going to *tell* them that he hadn't. He was deft with his fingers always, and he would be deft now, and they would never know he had felt afraid, and not very well. They were always well themselves. They were big and strong and well-fed, and he was none of these things.

He crouched where he was for a minute, and then turned and found his way slowly to a chiffonier to the left of the fireplace, where he caught the sheen of silver. Joe had said there was lots of silver in that room, and he must take that and nothing else. A tiny blue flame flickered over in the farthest corner, and Mick moved silently nearer to find out what it was. Skirting the large arm-chair, where his "host" had been sitting, he suddenly stood motionless looking up, his two nervous hands still for once at his sides.

High up on the wall stood a carved bracket, and on it, gleaming in the fitful light of the little flame, was a silver statue of a woman. It stood there, some two feet high, Mick judged, a figure with a meek head a little bent, the two slender hands were thrown down and outward as though mutely asking for something, but it was the face which riveted the lad's eyes upon her. The downcast eyes were a little sad, perhaps, but the mouth curved to a smile so sweet and so inviting that the cry which came unchecked from the boy's lips was justified. "Oh, Mother of God" he cried aloud, and caught his hands to his mouth. The next



minute he was on his knees by the chair, his thin shoulders heaving.

A slight sound from the window came to his quick ears, and still crouching, he made his silent way to the alcove directly beneath the bracket, and noiselessly pulled the carved high back of an adjacent chair a little closer to him, turning fearful eyes towards the sound. The window darkened, and the watcher in the corner beheld the burly shape of a man sitting astride the sill, even as he had done a few moments before. Would he be seen? No, for though Mick could watch so well from where he was, the bracket was large, to fit the big statue upon it, and it cast a very deep shade beneath it. Who was he, then, this other intruder? Joe and Solly would never come after him, and anyway they were but lads as he was, and this was a grown man and a big one at that.

Ah, he was now in the room, and leaving the chiffonier, which had been Mick's objective, he made his way past it to the next wall, where in the corner was something Mick had not seen before. A small safe. Mick's teeth began to chatter and he clenched them savagely. As if it wasn't enough to have his heart beating like a sledge-hammer, without chattering teeth, perhaps giving him away! A plan began to formulate in the lad's tired mind, and almost unconsciously he, who some years ago, had deemed prayers to be stupid and babyish, now began to pray fervently, incoherently—"O Holy Mother, help me to stop him. He's bigger than me, and I'm so afraid—and—I could manage him perhaps, if I had a decent chance—only I feel so queer—and—Oh, *won't* you help me, for he—he looks a tough cove—and I——"

Michael's prayers came to an end abruptly, for the man had now got the safe door open and was replacing a bunch of keys in his pocket, his back to Michael.

"*Now*" whispered the lad to himself, his mouth tightening in a way that made the young face look years older, as, walking out suddenly from his corner, on the tips of his toes, he silently bent over the kneeling man, and before that individual was conscious of any danger at all, two long-fingered, extremely sinewy young hands closed round his throat, with a grip of steel.

Mick Hallett was a wiry person, and had been taught boxing and wrestling down at the old "Racing Hound" where he and lads like him, without jobs and forever at a loose end, as it were, congregated together to try and while away weary, moneyless hours. As the two of them now strove silently together, first this way and then that, the boy's alert mind remembered and knew his limitations. "If I let him get on top of me, I'm done," he gasped to himself—"for he is loads heavier than I am, and a punch from one of his fists would about finish me—for a long time, anyway, but if—*ah*" his struggling mind gave vent to the last word audibly, triumphantly, for the man, from the first at a disadvantage, had got one leg doubled under him, and as the screwing, merciless hands drove deeper into his neck, he sagged suddenly sideways, and Michael twisted him with ease on to his face, and sat down astride the broad back. He eased his fingers a little, "for" said he to himself, grinning faintly—"I wouldn't like to kill him—quite." For a moment there was no sound in the room but Mick's hoarse breathing, and then a sudden movement on the part of the intruder, made the lad bring his knees sharply forward into the small of the man's back. "Ah, would ye?" he cried aloud—"but I *know* that particular trick, you see," and as the man subsided again with his face on the polished boards, Mick kept his knees and hands rigid, his mind working furiously.

A moment later, without a sound, the room was flooded with soft light. Michael, without relaxing his grip of his unfortunate opponent, raised a pale face and saw framed in the doorway a very tall man, whose dark visage at first set in a great sternness, now suddenly relaxed, while a smile played round the corner of his lips. The heavy-lidded eyes flickered for a moment, and then crinkled at the corners, as though suddenly amused by something.



"And what exactly," said a deep, cool voice—"do you two think you are doing in my study?"

"Will you stay still?" demanded Mick, furiously, of the man beneath him—"the gentleman ain't talking to *you*. Please, sir" he went on—"I'm glad you've come, because I didn't know what to do with him. I can always stick on, if I've a chance at all, but he's bigger than me, you see, and I—I don't think I can hold him much longer."

Paul Pearce looked down at the strained, white face for a moment.

"Stand up and away from him" he commanded, then. Michael did so, with obvious reluctance, but his victim lay still. "Perhaps" said Mick, anxiously—"I *did* hold him too tight, sir." Paul laughed an abrupt, rather harsh laugh. "Not you" he retorted—"that type can take a lot. Get up" he said to the man, but the man either couldn't or wouldn't get up. Taking the room in a couple of strides he administered to the prone figure a small but telling kick, and instantly the man was on his feet, his bullet head lowered and thrust out, his bloodshot eyes glancing with malevolence not at his present tormentor, but at Mick.

Paul leant against a small table, and Mick noticed that his hand strayed down the wall behind it, but he didn't speak to the man, only held up an authoritative hand at his attempt at approach, shaking his head slightly when he broke into whining speech. "You might," he said gently to Mick, but keeping his eyes on the man before him—"go and stand in front of the window, will you? If you can manage to bring forward the shutter and bar it I'd be obliged." Mick did as he was bid, glancing with all a boy's admiration at his tall host. He barred the window, and stood against it, drooping a little wearily. A man-servant came noiselessly in at the door, putting into his master's hand a small automatic pistol, and then took his stand behind him, waiting.

"Thank you, Jim!" said Paul, softly—"I was a fool to come in here without it, but it hasn't mattered, as it happens. The fight is out of him. Get some rope and do him up for me, will you? And then take him away, for I want to talk to my young friend over there."

At this moment the man broke into loud and blasphemous speech, of which nobody took the slightest notice, except that to the keen eyes of their host, Mick's face got whiter and whiter. With an immovable face the valet lashed the man's hands together, whispered a moment to Paul, and five minutes later Mick and his host were alone, behind the closed door.

"Sit down" said the man, kindly—"and tell me what you were doing that so opportunely you saved me from being robbed?"

"I'd rather stand, please, sir" faltered the lad, twisting his fingers helplessly before him—"I—you see—I——"

"Well?" urged Paul, very softly.

Michael swallowed audibly, and glanced towards the great silver statue, as though for support. "You see, sir—I—I told them I'd do it, and I—did try, because I had *promised*, you know, but—but when I got in, there was the statue, and I—I sort of—*couldn't*, and then *he* came in the same way I did, and so I hid beneath the statue and—scotched him, I did—I—I guess you'll be—angry—I mean—because I *was* going to take your stuff—and—I——"

As Michael's voice trailed away helplessly, a peal of ringing laughter woke the shadows in the small room, and when it had died away, Paul was on his feet, with an open cigarette box in his hand. "Oh, that's *good*," he said, still grinning—"set a thief to catch a thief," of course, but—well, have a cigarette, son, will you, and we'll talk about things."

He got no answer, and glancing towards the window he noticed that the boy's eyes were closed and that he had hold of one of the curtains in a thin, grimy hand.



"Oh, I say—you're not going to do a faint on me now, are you?" a very gentle voice said, and Mick felt himself pushed into a big chair.

"No, sir!" came the whispered answer—and, holding a match to the cigarette which the lad now held between trembling lips, Paul saw great tears well in the weary eyes, but they didn't fall.

"Smoke your cigarette, lad," he said, quietly, and turning his back on him, he spoke to the valet who appeared at that moment.

Soon Michael was being induced to swallow hot soup, after which they gave him food, the sort of food he had often heard about but never eaten before, and with it they gave him red wine, so that his cold interior began to glow with a beautiful, comforting warmth, and at the end of a half-hour, during which time his host had refused to allow him to talk, and had been himself completely and restfully silent—Mick leant back in his chair, his fingers still twisting a little nervously, but his eyes freed of their haunting anxiety and dread. He smiled at Paul a little uncertainly and said—"I'm better now, thank you, sir."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Paul.

Mick said he was, or had been—but his mother had died three years ago, when he was fourteen, and he hadn't said any prayers or been to church since. He had no job, because there *were* no jobs for boys to have seemingly, here, and he belonged to—well, to nobody exactly, now.

"What do you do all day, then?" was the next question.

"I sort of go around with the lads, you see, sir, and sometimes we get an odd job of work to do, but more often we—we play darts at the "Racing Hound," where Solly Binns' grandad is, you know."

"Racing Hound," eh?" queried the man, softly, whistling between his teeth—"Know anything about racing at all? About horses?"

"Oh, horses," replied Michael, joyously—"I love horses and can always stick on, y'know, sir, if I get a chance, but though I have sometimes got to the races, I don't know none of the ropes, as it were, sir."

"Now look here" said Paul, abruptly—"you're light, from the look of you—too light at the moment, but we might alter that, perhaps. You say you can stick on, if you're given a chance. Well, I'll give you a chance. I own horses and I race them, and later I shall need another jockey, but you'll have to work, and work hard, and you'll have to be trained, and that also will be hard. What about it?"

"Me? Jockey for you, sir? Why, I've never had a chance like that, before. I—I—Oh, thank you, sir—because, too—I've been bad to you, haven't I? Comin' in here to steal your silver, and I don't—don't deserve nothing from you like this—I'll—try to—try to please you——"

Michael's voice ceased again, and his eyelids flickered, but his head was up and he looked steadily back at his future employer, a faint colour staining the thin cheeks for the first time.

Paul smiled, and put a hand on the lad's shoulder. "About your badness, Michael—you can put that right with God to-morrow, in the confessional. It may be that you have not had much chance, since your mother's death, and if I am giving you a chance now, then—after all, it is only due payment, as it were, to you—for saving my safe from being robbed to-night, see? Now—now," as Michael turned his head away ashamedly—"buck up, there's a good lad. I'll leave you for a moment, while I talk to my man about your room, and then you must go to bed—it's long past two—and in the morning we can talk again. Perhaps you'd like to say your prayers here, before that statue of mine. I often do," and without a backward glance, Paul went silently from the room.

When Michael finally took his knuckles from his eyes, he glanced first at the still-open door of the little safe, and then at the shuttered window—finally his eyes came back to the flickering blue flame, and the peaceful happy face above it, and going on his knees, he buried his face in his hands, with a long, thankful sigh.





### Family Arms of St. Paul of the Cross

Great discrepancy exists in various biographies as to the exact spelling of the family name of St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionist Congregation. It is variously given as Danei, Daneo and Dannia; and from the entry in the baptismal register at Ovada, it would appear that the latter rendering is correct.

The family of Dannia has a long and honourable record going back as far as the year 1393. Amongst the progenitors of our Saint is mentioned Paolo Dannia, his grandfather. His father, Luca Dannia, was a native of Castelazzo, but had lived almost since boyhood in Ovada. His mother, Anna Maria Massari, was born at Rivarolo Liguri, but was also domiciled in Ovada since childhood. Their marriage was celebrated on January 6th, 1692.

The following extract from the baptismal register of the parish-church of Ovada is of special interest. It is the record of the baptism of St. Paul of the Cross :

1694 DIE 6 JANUARI

PAULUS FRANCISCUS, filius LUCA DANNIA et ANNA MARIA, natus est die 3 :  
et die ut supra baptizatus fuit per me, Praepositum Beneficium supradm.—  
Patrini : ANDREA DANNIA et MARIA CATNA. MASSARI.





# Spotlight

## A PILGRIM'S GRACE.

T.H.B.W. is the author of these rather quaint verses quoted by Miss Brigid De Vine in her "This and That" column of the *Universe* (London):

Give me a good digestion, Lord  
And also something to digest,  
Give me a healthy body, Lord  
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,  
To keep the pure and good in sight;  
Which seeing sin is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored  
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch,  
About that fussy thing called "I."

Give me a sense of humour, Lord,  
Give me grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness from life,  
And pass it on to other folk.

Readers who would like copies of the verse to keep may obtain it attractively printed on cards, price 2d., from Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1.

## THE DEVIL IN ENGLAND.

On the respectable and unimpeachable authority of the *Observer* (London), we learn that the devil possesses quite a large amount of property in England. Here is the quotation which took our fancy:

"The English having always been a religious nation, the Devil plays a large part in our topography. Lord Brocket has just handed over to the public the Roman earthwork at Wheathampstead known as the Devil's Dyke. The other at Brighton might claim priority, but there is really hardly a corner of the country (except, it is said, the East Riding) which is free from diabolic influence in its nomenclature. There is the Devil's Kitchen on Snowdon, the Devil's Punch Bowl at Hindhead, the Devil's Cavern

at the Peak, the Devil's Den in Wiltshire, the Devil's Jump at Frensham, the Devil's Bridge near Aberystwyth, to say nothing of that oddly-named plantation at Drayton Manor, the Devil's Dressing-room. There was no Higher Criticism at the time when English scenery was christened."

\* \* \* \*

## CONFETTI v. RICE.

Mgr. Canon Arthur Jackman, Holy Rood Church, Watford, has banned the use of confetti at weddings. Here is a copy of the notice he has put outside his church:

"Rice is the symbol of prosperity and fecundity. It is white, clean and sprightly. Confetti is volatile and sticky, the symbol of frivolity and light-headedness.

Rice symbolises a home that is easily garnished and swept; confetti symbolises a home that obstinately refuses to be cleaned.

Rice is life; confetti is dead paper.

Rice is food and the augury of a full larder and a fragrant kitchen; confetti is dirt or matter out of place, the symbol of canned and tinned food that fills and does not feed.

Rice is the seed of flower and fruit, the token of peace and plenty; confetti is the seed of nothing, except an angry sweeper.

Rice argues smiles; confetti argues frowns.

Rice is made by God, Who made weddings; confetti is made by machines, which made unemployment.

SO

Here is a packet of rice for the wedding, and let confetti be banned."

\* \* \* \*

## ORDER OF FRIARS TICKETED.

D.W., who contributes a chatty page each week to *The Tablet* (London), under the title "Talking at Random," has an amusing comment to make upon the suggestion in the Italian Press that special religious facilities should be provided at important railway stations:

"I see the *Popolo d'Italia* makes the



suggestion that every important railway station in Italy should have a chapel, where Mass can be said for the convenience of travellers, who either must start early or have time between two trains to do their religious duties. In Germany a few stations, such as Frankfurt, allow priests to celebrate, on request, for the benefit of travellers in a hurry, and for railway employees; but the Italian Press is urging the practice as a permanent feature of Italian railway stations. The proposal was first made for the Milan railway station which on Sunday mornings deals with an exceptionally heavy traffic; but now the Roman Press is of opinion that every station in Rome should offer the same facility to the many travellers and pilgrims who alight at hours when they find it difficult for various reasons to go to church at once and be in time for the services in the city.

"Preachers on the trains with special carriages labelled not 'smoking,' but 'sermons,' seems to be the next necessity. The mendicant friars turned up on the roads when roads were the one means of travel, and an order of railway friars with season tickets is only awaiting a Bradshaw-minded founder."

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### QUERIES FOR REPORTERS.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* very soberly reported some time ago that "four hundred members of the Catholic Club celebrated Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday morning." We would have liked to have been there to witness such an event. A Milwaukee daily in an article on the funeral of the late Monsignor Rainer of that city, carried this headline: "Messiner Will Deliver Mass at Rainer Rites." While on the subject, the *Catholic Citizen* (Milwaukee) put these questions to the daily press reporters:

1. May we refer to a member of the Sacred Roman Rota as a Rotarian?
2. Is it proper to call a ceremony a ritual?
3. Is the Pauline Privilege restricted to the Paulist Order?
4. Does a sacerdotal cure suggest an infirmary?
5. Is a bishop with a crozier necessarily a Crozier Father?
6. How many beads in a pair of beads?
7. Is a cathedral chapter interesting reading?
8. In a canonical erection, do the ecclesiastics themselves do the mason work?
9. Is the Passion Play a display of passion?
10. Is a Passionist Father easily provoked?
11. If "incensed" while on the altar is he apt to rebuke the acolyte?
12. Is the habit of a nun contracted or worn?
13. Is a baptistery a Baptist meeting house?

14. What would happen if a Papal bull should issue against a Spanish bull fight?

The answers are not on any page in this issue.

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### JAPAN LEARNS ENGLISH.

On certain evenings each week the Tokio radio broadcaster gives English lessons. He believes practice with foreigners an effective method. But how can a Japanese beginner start a conversation with a strange foreigner? The Tokio broadcaster knows how. "When you are in a crowded street-car," he says, "observe an agreeable-looking foreigner and draw close to him. Gently step on his toes and say: 'Excuse me.' He will reply: 'Don't mention it.' Then a delightful conversation will ensue."

Traffic instructions in English are given to all taxi drivers. The instructions read:

At the rise of the hand of the policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle the horn, trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigour and express by word of mouth the warning "Hi hi!"

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust-box at him, go soothingly by. Give big space to the festive dog that shares sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dogs with your wheel spokes. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurk the speed demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse of tie-up.

\* \* \* \*

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

"What makes people unpopular?" asks the *Irish Independent* (Dublin). The answer, which we give below, may make some people revise their estimate of themselves:

Being self-centred to such an extent that they monopolise everyone's time by talking about themselves and their troubles. To be popular you must be a sympathetic listener.

No selfish person can be liked—not only selfish in the natural things of life, but in all the undercurrents of selfishness that mean so much and come so close to egotism.

Disagreeableness and surliness can make a person hated. But the greatest secret of popularity lies in liking other people—then they can't help liking you.



# Deliver Us From Evil

.....  
E. GREENSTREET

.....  
*Every time I entered that room I was depressed by a terrible feeling of evil. Each day it became worse. I had become so irritable and wretched that my work was seriously affected :: :: ::*  
.....

“NOW, Father, I want your opinion. What can I do about it?”

Father Roach was silent for a few moments, and drew furiously at his pipe, while thinking deeply. Indeed, I considered that I had brought him rather a puzzler. As he was an old and valued friend of mine I had crossed London on purpose to consult him.

To cut a long story short I must explain that I had, not long before, taken up an important post away from home, and I was very dissatisfied with the room given me for my office.

The fact was that every time I entered that room I was depressed by a terrible feeling of evil. As each day wore on, it became worse and worse, till by the evening I had become so irritable and wretched that my work was seriously affected. Naturally I would gladly change the room, but there was none other available, and being a newcomer, I did not like to press the point. But it was certainly getting on my nerves, and so I determined to consult my old friend the priest. I knew at any rate he would not laugh at me, as I feared others would do.

“I wonder,” he said at length, “what that building was used for before it was taken over by your Firm. Have you any idea?”

“No, Father,” I replied, “but I can doubtless easily find out. It is such a rambling old place that it might have quite a history attached to it.”

“Now that you suggest the idea to me” I added, “I know there is an underground passage, and there certainly seems to be some old stained glass in a window on the staircase.”

“Well, it is quite possible” said Father Roach, “that the evil atmosphere you complain of in your room is a relic of the past; doubtless some wicked person who lived there has permeated the room with his influence.

“I myself have often noticed a similar atmosphere—I don’t mean perhaps as bad as yours—but merely a sensation of happiness or well-being in certain houses, or one of an unhappy or depressing nature in others. I think that certain people are more susceptible to these influences than others, and you may be one of that nature. It would be interesting to know the history of the place.”

He rose and pressed the bell.

“You’ll stay for tea? It will give me pleasure, and afterwards if it will interest you I will tell you one of my experiences of a similar nature.”

I replied that nothing would delight me more, that was, if I was not detaining him.

Presently, after Mary had cleared away the tea things, we drew up our chairs before the fire and lighted our pipes preparatory to an evening’s talk.

“Your experience reminds me,” resumed Father Roach, “of one I had several years ago, only—” he added—“in my case it came from a person and not from a place.”

“You remember when I was curate at D—— well, it happened there. I remember I was recovering from influenza, a severe bout I had too, which left me very weak. The doctor encouraged me to take a short walk daily into the country to increase my strength.

“One afternoon (I was beginning to feel more myself) I walked rather farther than usual. Then, quite suddenly, I felt tired, and mentally decided I would



turn at the next cottage. I was about to do so, when my attention was arrested by a man leaning over the cottage gate gazing intently at me. Something in his attitude struck me rather forcibly (I can't tell you quite what I felt) except that I was compelled to stop and say a word by the way. We chatted quite amiably for a few minutes, and it was almost as if he held me from moving on.

"Then to my surprise, he pressed me to enter his cottage for some refreshment. I was feeling the need for rest, and my time being free, I accepted the invitation."

Father Roach paused, while something rather like a shiver passed through him.

"And?" I questioned, leaning forward in my eagerness—

"Well nothing sensational happened" he replied.

"The man apparently lived alone, and was quite an ordinary sort of person; except—for the impression he gave of evil—intense, overwhelming evil—which seemed to permeate his whole person, and grew as the minutes passed.

"We talked of all kinds of things—except religion (I can't remember what) except that gradually from him the evil seemed to spread to things around. I even had to throw away a half-smoked cigarette that he had given me from his own case—because well—physically I could not smoke it.

"And yet all the time he was charming and courteous in his manner. I succeeded in pulling myself together, and in due course I took my leave. He saw me to the gate, and even now I can feel those eyes upon me.

"I shall never forget that terrible feeling, but thank God now it has gone for ever—but while it lasted it was as if I had looked into Hell."

"And did you ever find out anything about the man?" I questioned.

"Why! Yes," replied Father Roach. "It was a very sad story. Only a few weeks afterwards he committed suicide, and it came out at the inquest that he had had a very evil reputation. In fact—I believe he practised black magic or something equally bad."

I knocked the ashes from my pipe and rose to go, for it was getting late.

"Thank you for the story, Father" I said. "Now I must try and find out something about my office. Then perhaps we shall be able to do away with my uncomfortable feeling."

Father Roach smiled.

"In the meantime," he answered, as he showed me to the door, "try what a little Holy Water will do."

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later I was able to write and tell the Father the following news. My zealous enquiries had disclosed that our building was once part of an old Monastery. During its despoliation by Henry VIII, one of his officers had slept in the very room now used as my office. While staying there he had murdered one of the monks, who refused to disclose the hiding-place of some valuable church plate. Thus, there was enough to explain why I had felt so unhappy.

At the same time I was able to add that my administrations of Holy Water had certainly made a difference, and in the meantime I had been offered the use of another room, which offer, needless to say, I had not refused.

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According to Christian doctrine man, endowed with a social nature, is placed here on earth in order that, spending his life in society, and under an authority ordained by God, he may cultivate and evolve to the full all his faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator, and that by fulfilling faithfully the functions of his trade or other calling, he may attain both temporal and eternal happiness. Socialism, on the contrary, entirely ignorant of and unconcerned about this sublime end, both of individuals and of society, affirms that human society was instituted merely for the sake of material well-being." (*Quadragesimo Anno*, par. 118).





## The Faith of Rosamund ~ ANNIE M.P. SMITHSON

CHAPTER I—A Dream Comes True.

MISS ELIZABETH O'HARA occupied a "bed-sittingroom" in a street near St. Stephen's Green. An old house in an old street, once the abode of wealth and fashion, now only a glorified slum. Miss O'Hara's room was at the top, and she would be very short of breath by the time she climbed the stairs—for she was fifty-six, and not too strong. Still, she was glad to have this room for which she paid a weekly rent of seven shillings, out of her weekly income of eighteen shillings and sixpence. It was large and airy, and, beyond the roofs one could catch a glimpse of the Green in the near distance. Besides, it was cheap as rents go in Dublin, and the other tenants in the house were decent folk, always respectful and polite to little Miss O'Hara.

On this April morning, the alarm clock went off as usual at seven o'clock, and, as usual, Miss O'Hara dressed herself and went to half-past seven Mass at the big city church at the top of the street. This was her invariable routine, broken only by illness. Back in her room, she put the kettle on the gas-ring and partook of her breakfast of bread and butter and tea. And—also as usual—when eating it, she found herself thinking of that shop window which she passed each morning on her way to Mass and back.

It was a shop where everything in connection with a garden was to be had; flowers and plants, according to the seasons, were shown in the window,

along with garden implements, chairs, ornaments, sun-dials, bird-baths—every detail, in fact, for the making of that perfect garden which had been the dream of Miss O'Hara's heart for many a year.

Born in an old country house, situated at the foot of the Dublin mountains, living there till she was seventeen, Elizabeth O'Hara often felt a great longing for the country and especially for a garden. A garden of her own, where she could sow and dig and plant. Not a place that would be prim and orderly, like the Green over there—pleasant though that was at times. She wanted a real old-fashioned garden, like the one which had belonged to her old home. What a lovely garden that had been! She sometimes dreamt of it even still.

On a spring morning like this, the desire for the country assailed her more strongly than ever. She gave herself an angry shake.

"Maybe I'll be able to manage a tram ride to Rathfarnham. I can walk a bit then—only it's so hilly—and I need not hurry back."

She opened her shabby purse and counted the money left in it. On an income of 18/- a week, with rent 7/-, by the time that one had bought food, paid for fire and light—not that they would cost much from now on during the summer months, thank God! Soap and other incidental expenses—to say nothing of clothes—there was never much left out of eleven shillings. Besides, Miss O'Hara was fond of



reading and had a sweet tooth, so that sometimes she would spend more than she could really afford on a little chocolate or a magazine. But she often thought how thankful she should be that she had this regular little income. Many another would have been glad indeed to have her eighteen shillings coming in regularly every week. It had been left to her by an old lady whose companion she had been for twenty years. Only for this she sometimes wondered what would have happened to her at all. Her family had fallen on bad times and when Elizabeth was seventeen she had had to face the world. For a girl like her, in those days, this meant going as nursery governess or lady companion. So she had gone from one post to another until she settled with Miss Morton, who had left her this little income in her will. Paid weekly by a solicitor, it just sufficed to keep her in decency and a semblance of comfort.

AS she sat at her frugal breakfast, counting the pennies in her purse—it was Thursday and Friday was her “pay-day”—Elizabeth O’Hara looked less than her fifty-six years. She was small and slight, and her hair black and glossy, with hardly a grey hair to be seen. Only for the state of her heart she would have been able to work still, to spend her days in administering to the wants or caprices of some rich lady. But she had been told that her working days were over. She, who had so often run up and down the stairs on messages for others, had now to mount them slowly and carefully, and even then they took toll of her, leaving her breathless and exhausted when the last step was reached.

Yet she was thankful to be as well as she was. Thankful, too, for the legacy which had helped to ease her days.

But at times she could not but sigh for the cottage and garden of her dreams; just a tiny thatched cottage, a cobbled path leading to the porch over which the rambler roses grew so lovingly; flowers everywhere; veget-

ables too; a few hens—and a beehive. She could see herself, on a summer morning, sitting in the porch, enjoying her breakfast of bread and honey.

Miss Elizabeth O’Hara gave herself another angry shake.

“Be thankful for what you have got, Elizabeth!” she said. Like most people who live alone, she had got into the habit of talking aloud.

And it was just at that moment that she heard Mrs. Molloy, who lived on the same landing, calling to her that the postman was below, and had a letter for her. The little woman went downstairs in some surprise. Singularly alone in the world, it was seldom indeed, that Miss O’Hara received a letter. Her weekly allowance was paid to her by a Dublin solicitor, at whose office she called in person each Friday. Her feelings were far from happy when she saw their name on the envelope. Was it possible that something had happened to her legacy? Something gone wrong with her little investments? With trembling hands she opened the letter.

“DEAR MISS O’HARA.

We are pleased to inform you that your uncle, Mr. George Anderson, who died recently in Melbourne, has left you the sum of five hundred pounds in cash, and from certain investments you will also receive yearly, an income of approximately two hundred and fifty. Will you be so kind as to call at this office as early as possible, when all details can be arranged.”

AMAZED, incredulous, she stared at the typewritten slip in her hand. There must be some mistake. Yes, of course, there was some muddle about it all. Such wonderful, good fortune would never come her way. But ten o’clock saw her in Mr. Wilson’s office.

“Oh, no—there is no mistake, Miss O’Hara. It was from our agents in Melbourne that we heard about the matter. Strange to say they had done business for Mr. Anderson, and he asked them to find your address. He was very ill then, and before they got our reply to their enquiries, he had died. You knew of him, I suppose?”



"Only slightly. He was married to my mother's sister. He was a North of Ireland man, a Protestant, and I always understood, very bitter. I do not think the marriage was happy as my aunt would not change her religion and this annoyed him greatly. They had no children, for which my mother was always thankful. I heard he made a good deal of money, but that he lost a lot, too."

"That is correct. Only for his losses in the past, you would be a rich woman to-day, Miss O'Hara. However, even this small income will be nice for you."

"Oh, indeed it will! I can hardly believe it is true! Are you quite sure he left it to me, Mr. Wilson?"

"Quite sure—here is a copy of the Will."

"And—and no conditions of any kind? Nothing about religion?"

"Nothing whatever, Miss O'Hara. You need have no fears on that score. There is no mention of religion at all. The money is left to you absolutely without any conditions being laid down."

THE little woman made no reply for a moment. She was staring in front of her, wrapt in her own thoughts. Mr. Wilson, who had a great liking for her, smiled to himself, and wondered of what she was thinking.

Suddenly she turned to him, her bird-like gaze full of eagerness.

"Oh, Mr. O'Hara," she said, "do you think that I will be able to buy a little cottage and furnish it with the five hundred pounds?"

"Yes, I should say so. Do you want a cottage?"

"Oh, I do! A cottage with a thatched roof and a garden—a real old garden. And I want to keep fowl and bees and have my own flowers and vegetables—I have been dreaming of such a place for years!"

"Then I should advertise at once if I were you. Get the cottage first before you buy the furniture, otherwise you might get what would not be suitable."

"I will put an advertisement in the

papers to-day!" She rose quickly as if to run and do so at once, and then suddenly stopped.

"What is wrong?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Oh, nothing! Only that to-morrow, as you know, is my pay-day and I have no money till then."

"Oh, is that all! Allow me to make you a little advance—you may need a few pounds in your pocket now."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilson—and I do hope it is all right?"

"Yes—of course it is. Run off and put in your advertisement."

"I will—and, oh, Mr. Wilson—do you know I think I will keep a goat, too—the milk is so nice in tea. Good morning and thank you so much!"

She was gone, a little old-fashioned bundle of a woman who brought a smile to the faces of the modern young ladies in the outside office.

"That old lady has come in or a fortune," said the office boy to one of the typists.

"Go on!"

"She has—honest. I heard the boss telling her so just now."

"Hear that?" asked the typist of another girl.

"What?"

"That Victorian dame just gone out has come in for a fortune."

The other smiled resignedly.

"She would do! It will be probably useless to her while you or I would be able to have a good time with it. But that's the way of the world. Coming to the Pictures to-night? I hear Greta Garbo is on."

NEXT MONTH:

CHAPTER II—*The Dream Fades*

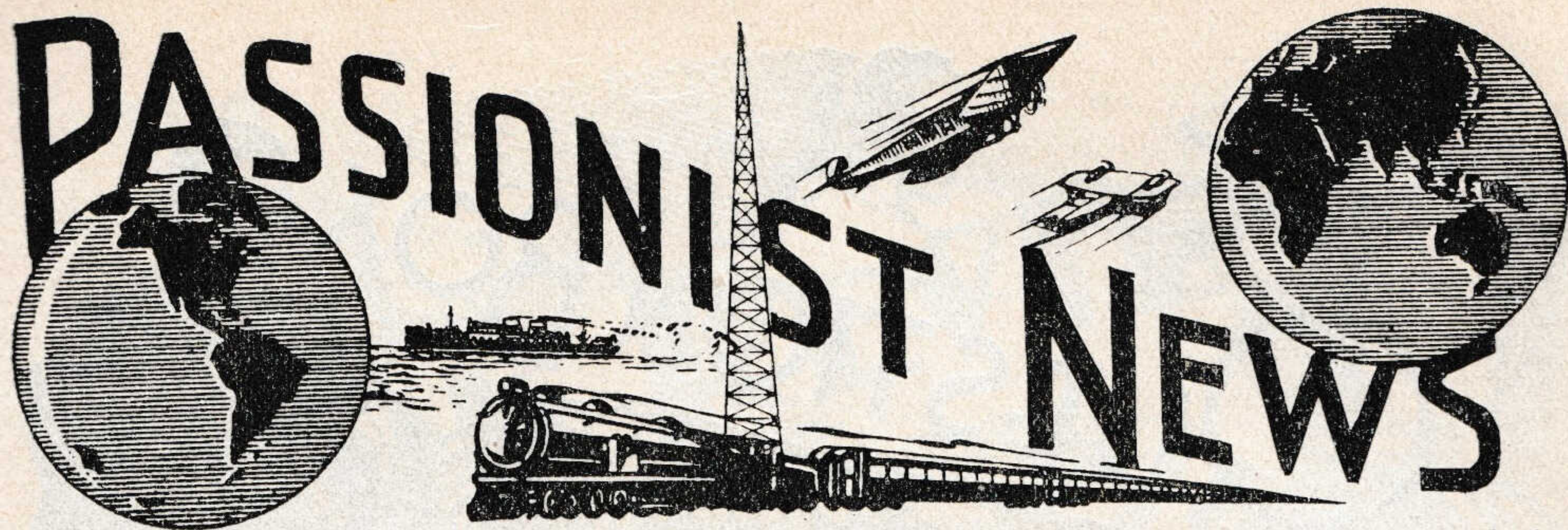
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#### SHORT NOTICES.

**Here and There Through Palestine**, by Edward Duffy (6d.). A pleasing sketch of the Holy Land by a recent pilgrim. There are many interesting reflections on places, things and customs that will make the Gospel story and the ceremonies of Holy Week more intelligible and appealing. The booklet may be had from Fitzpatrick, Ltd., 17 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

**Godfrey de Bouillon and St. Ambrose of Milan.** Two Plays, by Ymal Oswin. Exeter: The Catholic Records Press. 2s. 6d.





## **BELGIAN CONGO.**

### **Arrival of Missionaries.**

On September 10th two young priests of the Dutch Province departed from Holland to take up work in the Passionist Prefecture of Tshumbe-Sancta Maria, Belgian Congo. They are Fr. Berthold van Zee, C.P., and Fr. Adelbertus van Iersel, C.P. This mission, which was founded in 1931, is entrusted to the Belgian Province of the Passionists, the Prefect-Apostolic being Mgr. J. A. Hagedorens, C.P. The staff of the mission now includes 18 Fathers and 4 Lay-brothers.

## **BULGARIA.**

### **Two more Missionaries set out.**

Also from the Dutch Province, on September 29th, two more young priests set out for the mission-field of North Bulgaria. They are Fr. Stanislaus van Melis, C.P., and Fr. Antony van Regenmortel, C.P. As our readers are well aware, the Passionists have been working in Bulgaria since the end of the 18th century, and a long succession of Passionist Bishops have successfully guided the work of the Church in this remote portion of the Lord's Vineyard. The present Bishop is Mgr. Damian Theelen, C.P., Bishop of Nicopolis.

## **ENGLAND.**

### **Broadcast from Highgate.**

On Sunday, December 5th, the evening devotions were broadcast from St. Joseph's Church, Highgate, on the Regional wavelength by the B.B.C. The service consisted of Solemn Compline, followed by a short sermon and concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The preacher for the occasion was V. Rev. Fr. Gabriel, C.P., Rector, who spoke upon the purpose and meaning of Advent, and the virtues proper to the season of preparation for Christ's Nativity.

## **FRANCE.**

### **Opening of New Convent.**

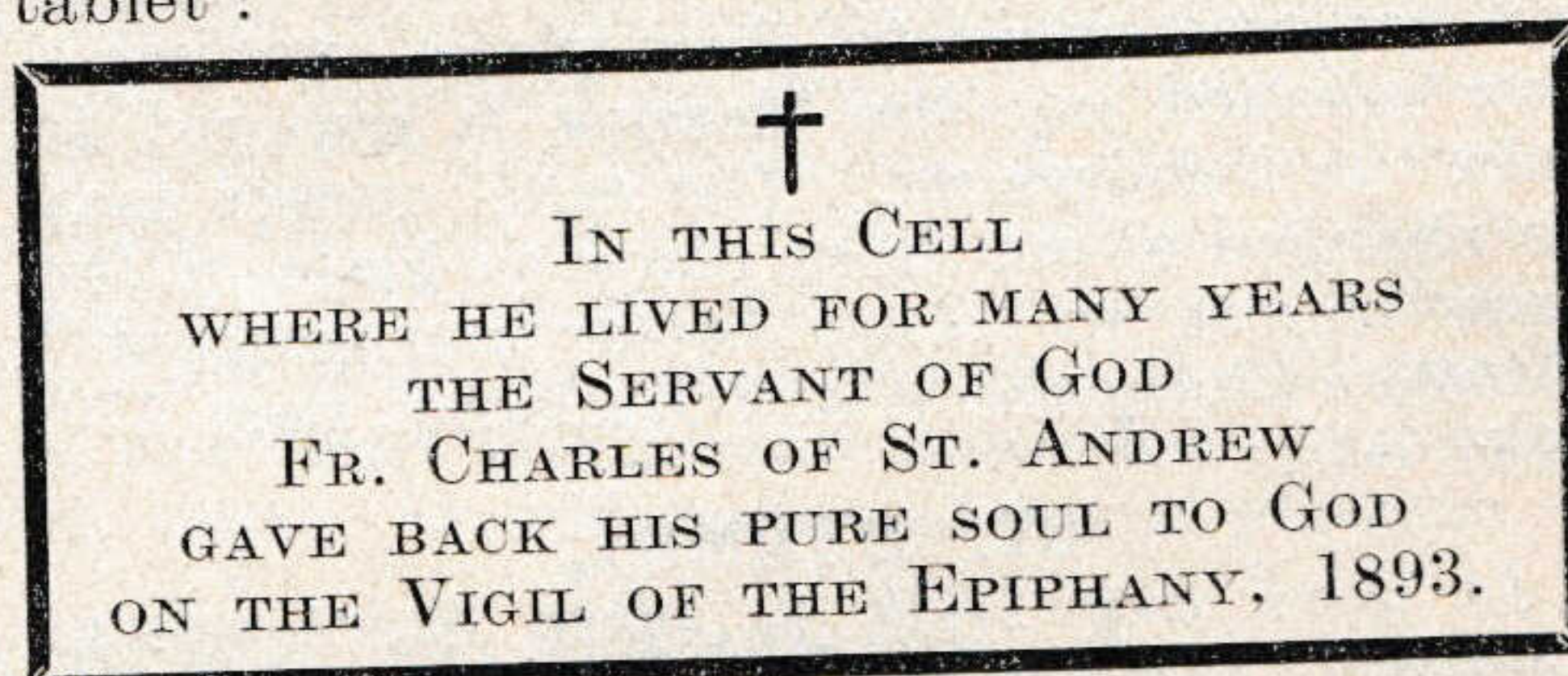
On October 11th, Feast of the Maternity of Our Lady, a new convent of the cloistered Passionist Nuns was solemnly blessed and inaugurated at Sables-d'Olonne (Vendée). Mgr. Garnier, Bishop of Luçon, presided at the ceremony; he was assisted by V. Rev. Canon Massé, V.G., and V. Rev. Fr. George, C.P., Provincial of the French Province. The Nuns walked in processional order, headed by the crucifix, from the little private-house which had been their residence for ten years, and singing the *Vexilla Regis*, entered the new convent. Only one wing has yet

been completed, and the chapel is but a temporary one. V. Rev. Fr. George, C.P., preached a short discourse in which he extended a warm welcome to their venerated Bishop and bespoke the blessing of God for the new foundation. Mgr. Garnier then briefly addressed the congregation, and reminded them of the great spiritual advantages which this convent would bring to the diocese. Finally, the Bishop, preceded by the Nuns, solemnly blessed the convent. The entire congregation, including the workmen who had raised the building, and also many benefactors, took part in the procession, for—by special permission of the Bishop—the enclosure had been raised for the occasion so as to allow relatives, friends and benefactors to the community to view the interior of the convent.

## **IRELAND.**

### **Memorial Tablet Erected.**

On the door of the cell at Mount Argus formerly occupied by the Servant of God, Fr. Charles of St. Andrew, whose Cause for Beatification is now actively being promoted, a memorial tablet has lately been placed to commemorate the fact that for many years he lived there and there also he died. The following is a copy of the inscription on the tablet:



### **Blessing of New Wing.**

On Tuesday, November 30th, the new wing which has just been completed at Mount Argus for the accommodation of additional students was blessed by V. Rev. Fr. Adrian, C.P., Provincial. The community in processional order proceeded from the sacristy and assembled before a temporary altar, erected in one of the rooms. The blessing was performed according to the prescribed ritual, and the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was recited. This new wing, built in granite to harmonise with the main building, is on the north side of the quadrangle; it comprises two stories with twenty-seven additional cells on the top floor, whilst on the ground floor are three new sacristies, new offices for *The Cross*, etc., etc.





### SOCIALISM CONDEMNED.

*Why does the Catholic Church forbid its members to be Socialists?—G. J. (Dublin).*

Socialism in general is condemned by the Church because "it is founded upon a doctrine of human society peculiarly its own, which is opposed to true Christianity" (Encyclical of Pius XI *Quadragesimo Anno*). The two main divisions of Socialism are Communism and simple Socialism. The former is the more violent of the two. It teaches and pursues a two-fold aim: merciless class warfare, and complete abolition of private ownership. The latter condemns recourse to physical force in prosecuting its aims. It even mitigates and moderates to some extent class warfare and the abolition of private property. But this second division of Socialism does not reject the fundamental tenets of Communism in their entirety, though it is fearful of the conclusions and effects of its principles.

### REPLACING STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

*When the Stations of the Cross are taken down in order to facilitate the painting of a chapel, is it necessary to bless them anew when they are replaced?—T. D. (Kimmage).*

"If for any reason the crosses are removed, but restored again to their places, neither a new erection nor the blessing is required to gain the indulgences. The same crosses may be changed about from place to place in the same church to secure better arrangement" (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, page 570, 1931 ed.).

### ST. DERMOT.

*Is there any Irish or other Saint named Dermot? Can you tell me anything about him?—D. M. W. (Co. Kerry).*

Dermot is an Anglicised form of Diarmaid. There are two Irish Saints of that name. The first was born in Ireland at an unknown date, but died in 851 or 852. He became Archbishop of Armagh in 834, but was driven from that see by the usurper Foranán in 835. He lived in a stormy age, when the Scandinavian rovers under Turgesius seized Armagh in 841 and levelled the churches there. His feast day is celebrated on April 24th.

The second Diarmaid, surnamed the Just, was a famous Irish confessor of the mid-sixth century. He was of princely origin and a native of Connaught. His name is associated with the great Irish monastery of Inisclonrahan (Iniscleraun) on Lough Lee, in the diocese

of Ardagh, which he founded about the year 530. St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise was one of his disciples. Diarmaid was distinguished not only as a teacher, but also as a writer and a poet. His death occurred in 542, and his feast day is celebrated on January 10th (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. 4).

### ROMAN INDEX AND THEATRICALS.

*If a book is placed on the Roman Index of Forbidden Books and a play, opera or "movie" is made, based on the condemned book, is the play, opera or "movie" forbidden?—P. A. (Dublin).*

The Roman Index contains a list of books which are forbidden to the faithful to read. The Index, as such, does not proscribe theatricals based on condemned books (unless the prohibition includes such exhibitions). But the presumption is that if a book is condemned the play, or opera or "movie" based on the book will be dangerous to faith or morals, for the simple reason that the characters and their deeds as narrated in the book are translated into action on the stage or screen. It were better not to attend, unless one were sure that the performance would not be an occasion of sin.

### SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION.

*What is meant by the passage in the Gospel of St. Luke: "But woe to them that are with child and give suck in those days" (21/23). Does it mean that they are in greater danger than others? If so, why?—M.H. (Co. Fermagh).*

This passage implies the difficulty that mothers will have in trying to avert the calamity which will fall on the wicked city. It is akin to the other: "Pray that your flight be not in the winter, or on the Sabbath." It is more inconvenient to flee in winter time, especially in an open country, such as Judea was at the time, than in the balmy summer. And Jews were forbidden to make journeys on the Sabbath. So, a mother would find it harder to escape than one without children. Moreover, her sufferings would increase with those of her child or children, because they are a part of her. She lives in them. The quotation is not meant to be considered as putting a premium on childlessness, but as showing the great sorrow which would exist when the day of wrath arrived—the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, A.D. 80.





# BOOK REVIEWS

**THE MUDDLE-HEADED POSTMAN and other stories.** By Garry Hogg. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 192. Price 3s. 6d.

These stories for young folk have passed the test of Radio audiences, having been told by their author in his Children's Hour Broadcasts. They are humorous, well-told, and bear the stamp of originality. Mr. Hogg has that imaginative genius which so captivates the minds of the young. Here is a sample from "Man-in-the-Moon":

"Man-in-the-Moon was having his bath. Lying back in the steaming water, with only his round and shining face and his ten toes sticking out, he had his eyes tight-shut and his mouth wide open, for he was singing, and he could sing best that way. All round him in the crater of the extinct volcano, bubbled the water, heated by the furnace he had been stoking all day in the very heart of the moon, though poor mortals on Earth always said there was no heat on the moon. And the more it bubbled the louder he sang, because he loved hot baths more than anything else:

I'm the Man-in-the-Moon:

I'm a very great boon

To all the people who stare

At me from down there!

As he sang the last two words he raised his head, opened first one eye and then the other, and peered over the edge of the crater at Earth, spinning round in the darkness far away in space. Then shivering a little, he dipped deeper under the water, till the soap bubbles on the surface made a little frill round his neck and tickled his ears. . . ."

Little folk who can read, will take these stories to the chimney-corner and be quiet as little mice as they share the breathless adventures of Mr. Hogg's characters. Or if mammy or daddy reads one to them in the night time, they will notice the tense silence, little ones snuggling together, wide-eyed with wonder, faces laughter-lit at the droll sayings, nonsense rhymes and captivating adventure of these stories of the *Muddle Headed Postman* and others. A Christmas gift that should be appreciated!

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**THE KEY TO THE KING'S KINGDOM.**

By Fr. W. Raemers, C.S.S.R. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. Pp. 81. Price, 1s.

Prayer, so necessary to every man's salvation, often becomes a source of worry to the

earnest soul. Distractions, the lack of interior fervour and the many other obstacles which hinder the soul's elevation to God, often result in that semi-hysterical admission: "I can't pray!" We can all pray. The grace of prayer is denied to nobody.

Fr. Raemers begins his short treatise with a gentle reminder of what man is, his beginning, his end, his dependence on God and his responsibilities to his soul. "Man shall go into the house of his eternity" (Eccles. xii, 5). The key to that house is prayer. At the outset he is very careful to insist upon a true understanding of what prayer is. It is a "conversation with God." "Prayer is not a mere movement of the lips in some set form of words; nor is it a recitation of some prayer known by heart." To help his readers to a true notion of prayer and to a true conversation with God is the author's stolid purpose. He indulges in no flights of fancy or exuberance, and his work is saved from being commonplace by being simply but well written and well divided. He is eminently practical all through. Even when talking of the higher degrees of prayer he is to the point, drawing no theological red herrings across the path. He has illuminating chapters on the "Necessity of Prayer," "The Power of Prayer," "The Conditions of Prayer," but perhaps the best is on "The Excuses for not Praying." He gives all the answers. Buy this little book and read it well. It will give you new heart and greater desire for converse with God. It will make prayer a pleasure.

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**A PUNCH AT EVERYBODY.** By Fr. Owen Francis Dudley. London: Alexander Ouseley, Ltd. Pp. 64. Price 1s.

The author of these "Punches" is known all over England and Ireland as a brilliant lecturer and writer. His books such as *The Masterful Monk* have been read by thousands. Protestants and Catholic alike. Fr. Dudley's appeal is to what we have come to call "the modern mind." Without descending to vulgarity, he uses the modern ideas, the modern expressions and the "snappiness" of modern journalism to inculcate the age-old truths. The small book under review is a collection of short articles which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* during the last two years. Some of the titles will give an idea of what I mean:

"To-day's Temptations," "I believe in Christian Marriage," "I Believe in Wearing



Clothes," "What does Christmas mean to you," "To the Girl in Love," "These Things smash your Home," "On Being Shocked," "Questions Commonly Asked," etc. He discusses questions such as these from a Catholic standpoint in a series of "short jabs" (to use a boxing phrase) that wake one up without knocking one out. They should serve to make the reader "keep his guard" and respect the Power behind the punches as well as convince him of the truth of the cause in which they are delivered.

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#### FIFTEEN YEARS OF DUBLIN OPINION.

By the Editor. Dublin: Dublin Opinion Ltd., 67 Mid. Abbey Street. Pp. 288. Price, 6s. 6d.

I am not fond of indulging in superlatives, but this "*Dublin Opinion* Volume" does demand the superlative of the word "good." It is the best production of its kind which has appeared in Ireland in any generation. Perhaps I am a little prejudiced, because I think I am right in saying that the first "idea" of *Dublin Opinion* was first hatched within the shadows of the twin campaniles of Mount Argus church. Some day, maybe, the Editors will write a dual autobiography in which they will tell us of the serious side of laugh-making. However, *Dublin Opinion* is a success, a national institution like the Dáil. As a matter of fact, they are of the same age—almost twins—and the laughter of one has kept us from feeling too sensitively the heavy seriousness of the other. But *Dublin Opinion's* success is not only that it has kept us laughing, but that it has kept our laughing clean. In fifteen years it has never sought its smiles through the concupiscence of the eyes or tickled the imagination with double-meaning filth. This is its *Great Success*. Modern humour is so often prurient, and the modern joke so often doubtful that the clean-minded open a humorous journal with some misgiving.

This Fifteen Years' volume is a treat. It is printed on 288 pages of beautiful art paper. There are sketches and plenty of reading as well. The delightful nonsense on the "President's Blotting Pad" I always wanted to preserve. I have it here on page 207. The clever Tumwurry researches into Shakespeare on Golf are here, too. The Grange-gorman Correspondent's views of men and manners, W. H. Conn's serio-comic sketches of Town and Country, and the familiar work of the famous "C.E.K." go to make a volume that is a monument.

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#### C.T.S.I. PUBLICATIONS.

A sheaf of twopenny booklets has been scattered about my desk for some time past. Familiar in size, artistically covered, and dealing with a variety of subjects, they represent the latest additions to the C.T.S.

In biography, there are studies of *Edmund Ignatius Rice*, Founder of the Irish Christian Brothers, and *Eve Lavalliere*, one-time idol of the Paris footlights, whose later life of

penance has won her a more appreciative audience and a more enduring stardom. Gearoid Mac Eoin's *Saints for Toilers* gives us pen-pictures of six laymen (including our own Matt Talbot), whose lives were made perfect in daily toil. The doctrinal section includes two booklets by Fr. Aegidius Doolan, O.P.: *There is a God* and *The Life of Grace*, both very instructive and well-written.

Perhaps the most interesting of all is Fr. Clune's account of *The Little Ark*, a little wooden hut with windows in which Mass was celebrated in the last days of religious persecution in Ireland. It was drawn on four wheels to the cross-roads each Sunday, and here the people gathered to perform their religious duties. In this way, the *soggarth* who was denied the use of a permanent church building, evaded the law of the oppressor. The "Little Ark" figured in a law case, was acquitted, and is still preserved as a relic in the parish church of Kilbaha. Other booklets are: *The Scapular of the Immaculate Conception*, by Rev. H. Calley, O.M.I.; *Christ in Modern Life*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J.; *The Silent Death* (Story), by R. A. B. Crickard; *The True Success* (Story), by Eleanor F. Kelly.

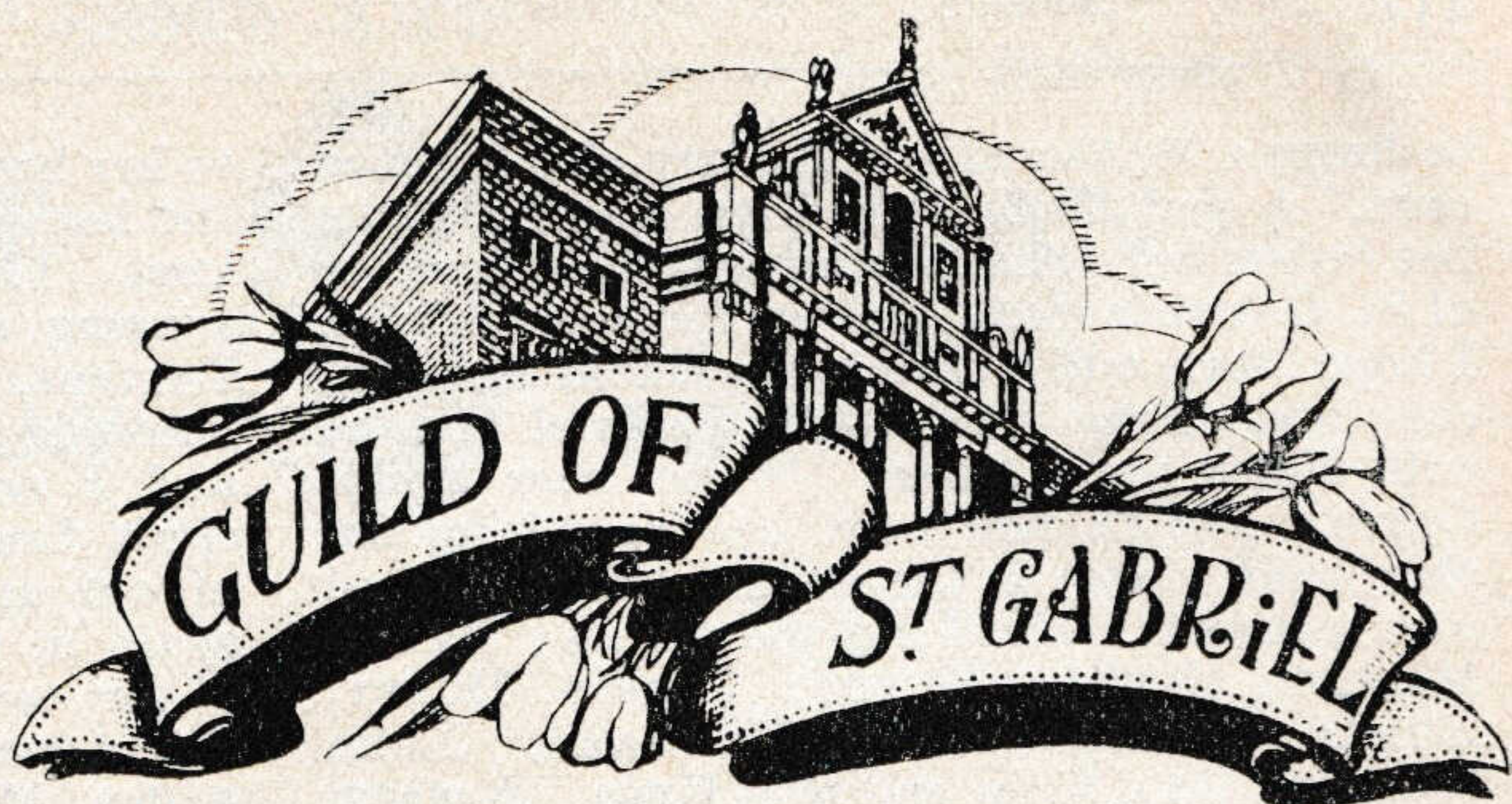
The C.T.S. has also been experimenting. We heartily welcome the new style of pamphlet just published. Much narrower than the familiar type, they are evidently intended to fit more comfortably into the pocket. The two I have before me have a direct appeal to boys. One is an episode of school life called *Say Lads*. The other is a thriller (with two shootings) called *Night Town*. Both contain good adventure, sparkling dialogue, and plain Catholic doctrine. I can cordially recommend them to readers of all ages. They are refreshing and will fit the hip-pocket as comfortably as any other.

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**SPIRITUAL DIRECTIONS.** By Cardinal Merry del Val. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. Pp. 62. 2s. 6d.

Whilst it is as Papal Secretary of State rather than as a director of souls that Cardinal Merry del Val is best remembered, he had nevertheless a singular aptitude for guiding others in the spiritual life. "To see him in all the dignity of the Sacred Purple" remarks the Archbishop of Westminster, in an introductory note, "one could not realise the simplicity and lowliness of his spirit. . . . His detachment from the goods of this world and from earthly aims gave him a ready power to spend himself for others." The spiritual maxims contained in this slim volume are, for the most part, taken from letters of direction sent by the Cardinal to a spiritual soul whom he guided for more than thirty years. They deal with the imitation of Christ, prayer, submission to the Will of God, mortification, Confession and Communion, prayer, etc. Their simplicity and directness, combined with an eminently practical application, will give them a special appeal to souls of good will who strive to perfect themselves in the spiritual life.





FOR YOUNG READERS OF "THE CROSS."

Conducted by Francis.

#### RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.
- II. The members will endeavour to spread devotion to St. Gabriel by practising the virtues of purity, charity and obedience, in imitation of their patron.
- III. They will try to enrol new members.

**T**HE New Year is entering on the paths facing the future. See she comes swiftly stealing upon us from the mysterious land of the unknown. Young, unsullied and radiant she steps into our world of reality, bearing many things hidden deeply between the numerous folds of her flowing garments. For some she holds joys and successes and triumphs ; for others she carries disappointments and trials and difficulties, but whatever come let us agree to accept all patiently and cheerfully, knowing in our hearts that whatever God wills is best. Let us make the most of the year that is standing before us, and resolve to make at least one good resolution and to carry it faithfully through to the very end. God bless and guide all the members of our Guild and grant that the New Year may bring each and every one of them an abundance of splendid gifts, especially the graces of purity, sweetness of disposition and the happiness that comes from a mind that rejoices ever in the friendship of Christ and His Blessed Mother.

#### MY POST BAG.

Beautiful cards, and lovely greetings, and delightful letters have come showering down on me from all parts. It is good to be *Francis* at the festive season. If all the enchantingly beautiful things that have been wished for me come true what a wonderfully happy life I shall have ! The first packet to catch my eye is a big, fat, bulky envelope bursting with charming little letters, all from my very own little friends in St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham. The letters are so numerous it is not possible to answer each of the writers individually. I can only give their names. Here goes : SYLVIA PUTLEY (welcome warm to St. Gabriel's Guild), VALERIE COURT, KATHLEEN ARNOLD, BETTY GARDNER, SYLVIA NEALE, NANCY DOWNES, JEAN RICHARDS (who says she will not like me any more if

I don't send her a prize this month ! What do you think of that for friendship ?), SHEILA JOHNSTONE, FREDDIE SMITH, JOHN (who forgot to sign his surname), AUBREY ROULSTON, PETER SWALES (who wrote two most interesting letters), ERIC CAVE, MAURICE WEDGE, HILDA LOCKE (a grand little note, Hilda), MAVIS COOPER, K. GLYNN. To the following newcomers I extend a joyous welcome. Happy be the days in the Guild for EDWARD KELLY, ROLAND WRIGHTMAN and MARY STRONG. I was truly delighted with all the letters. How grand it will be at St. Gerard's. The wards are being turned into a veritable fairyland of beauty and colour, with tiny lanterns glittering amongst the festoons. God bless all who have a hand in bringing so much joy to the sick. They deserve a great reward. What became of TEDDY DOHERTY's letter ? No trace of it in the post bag ! Wait until *Francis* comes along to Coleshill ! Teddy must look alive. Two little letters from Castleblayney gave me great pleasure. I was glad to hear from CONNIE and MARY FLYNN again. They write with originality and childlike charm. Of course, Connie and Mary, I know the person you mention. He is one of my very oldest friends and is a tremendous favourite. I have often heard of your "Uncle Jimmy," and I think you are lucky little girls to have such good connections. No wonder, Connie, you feel like an old friend of mine. God bless you both with all that is best in life. MARY McANDREW is coming to see the Crib at Mount Argus. The divine Child-Jesus lives in the beauty of her little soul. May she be always as sweet and innocent as she is to-day, and may she find a wealth of joy awaiting at the Mount Argus Crib. Keep your eyes on the watch-out for the Editor and *Francis*. Mary sends New Year's greetings to all the members who, I feel sure, return her salutations with the best of good wishes. Thanks



to SHEILA McANDREW and Mary also for nice card. A dear, little letter from MARIE DENNY lies before me. She is anxious to be a member of St. Gabriel's circle, and we bid her welcome. I hope Marie will realise her splendid ambition one day. Pray hard to St. Gabriel and he will direct you, Marie. Write soon again. CONNIE FLYNN has been out recruiting for the Guild. Here is the result, a big batch of new members. Read out the names: ETHNA MALONE, NANCY DUFFY, MADGE DUFFY, NUALA COYLE, NORA McGRATH, NORA MURPHY, UNA KING and SUE KING. A warm handshake to them all and a cheer of welcome as they enter to take their places by our fireside in the happiest little nook in Ireland.

#### LETTERS FROM PRIZE-WINNERS.

KATHLEEN CORR, a prize-winner, writes: "My school-pals were all so envious of my lovely book that they have all decided—at least most of them have—to try their luck." I am glad your prize aroused the spirit of competition. I do so hope you will write often in 1938. In the course of a beautiful letter, KITTY KINSELLA says: "Thank you ever so much for the lovely prize book you sent me. It really was a lucky surprise and *The Green Dragon* and I are already great friends. He is such a lovable old fellow that one cannot help loving him and rejoicing that his adventures ended well after all." It is good to know you derived so much pleasure from your book-prize, Kitty, dear. Yes, of course, I shall remember to pray for you, and I do hope God will grant that special intention very soon and make your heart sing with gladness. Thanks a thousand times for your very lovely card. Faithful as ever, MARY PALMER brings joy with her letters. Always they are a pleasure to read; always there is some noble thought and the light of a kindly heart shining out from the pages of her scripts. God bless her always, and may her fireside be a happy one throughout the coming year. I enjoyed every line of PAT PALMER's letter, too. Of course, I delight in plum pudding. Who could refuse a dish of cheer? Thanks for your remembrance, ELEANOR DARGAN. Your beautiful Irish card with its Celtic designs and musical verse, brought me pleasure, indeed. Your letter was just in time, EAMON ANDREWS, and I hope in the coming months you'll keep the closing date for our competitions in mind. The best of luck and happiness be with you. I was glad to see your penmanship again, MARY LEAHY. Are you as well as ever now? The real atmosphere of Christmas clings to MARY MULDOON's letter. I hope she enjoyed herself

to her heart's content, and that she may carry the happy memories of this time with her for long. Three finely-written letters have come winging all the way from the Presentation Convent, Caherciveen. The essay sent by EIBHLIN NIC GEARAILT is most promising, and I am pleased with the truly splendid spirit displayed in her paper. The brave days of old are brought before us, and we live again in the glorious past and dream awhile of our country's destiny. "Many thanks for the *Aerial to Fairyland* that you sent me," writes MAREA O'SULLIVAN. "I did not expect it at all, and when I got the parcel I was very surprised and very pleased." Our Editor has a wonderful knack of selecting the right book. It is simply amazing how he just knows what my little friends will relish. How did you like *The Cross Annual*, MARIE HORAN? I am sure you would not miss such a treat of reading. Tell me how you got along at the Tests. Now the exams. are over you can enjoy yourself and feel happy that you worked so hard to gain success.

#### THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Pleasures of Reading" the prize is divided between SYLVIA NEALE, *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England*, and RITA O'SHEA, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Laoighis*.

In the competition for the best letter to *Francis*, the prize goes to PETER SWALES, *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England*.

A Badge of St. Gabriel is awarded to CONNIE FLYNN, *Munster and Leinster Bank, Castleblayney*.

#### FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Call of the Springtime."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "St. Brigid and her Virtues."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best little sketch or painting entitled "Spring."

SEND BEFORE JANUARY 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild  
**COUPON** JAN., 1938

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